

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 1, 1958

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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## PREVIEW:

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# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Cover: Sun Valley family ▶

Pat Savory and her daughter Georgia are rare people in the world of snow. They live in Sun Valley. For other views of Sun Valley and the 1958-59 ski season, see page 18.

Photograph by Jerry Girdle

## Next week



▶ In the annual College Basketball issue, Kentucky's controversial Adolph Rupp writes a forthright declaration of his sometimes criticized coaching philosophy. Collegian Ron Johnson explains how important the game is to him, but veteran Sportsman Stanley Pavich speaks for the opposition when he says, "Basketball is for the birds." Color photographs and a black-and-white picture story of *The Best Game of the Year*, plus paintings of *The Dream Team* by Russell Hoban, unique statistics and analysis of 189 teams.

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He loves me...  
he loves  
my Mommy's  
Arpege!



LANVIN  
PARIS

## MEMO from the publisher



**B**ASKETBALL arouses strong feelings in players, coaches and spectators. (The one picture above should be worth any thousand words I could say on this subject.) It also seems to arouse nothing but scorn in a minority of dedicated detractors among sportswriters. Among the eminently dedicated is the able and veteran Shirley Povich, sports columnist of the *Washington Post and Times Herald*.

Ever willing to provide a platform for a sincere dissent, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* next week, in its second special College Basketball Issue, is therefore happy to present Mr. Povich's point of view: *Basketball Is for the Birds*.

*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is equally happy to disagree with Mr. Povich. If we didn't, none of the following articles and features would appear in next week's issue.

► Scouting reports on the major college conferences and the independent teams. Drawn from direct observation by Basketball Editor Jeremiah Tax and correspondents in the field, as well as from analyses especially prepared by coaches of each team, the reports cover 180 teams, including all those eligible for the NCAA championship.

► An instructional section on the art of defense by La Salle's Duddy Moore, with illustrations by Daniel Schwartz. Although defense is a comparatively neglected aspect of college basketball, it is, as pro teams will attest, one thing Moore graduates know when they begin to play for pay. This is the essence of what they know.

► A story in pictures of the game which our editors pick as last season's most exciting: Cincinnati-Kansas State.

► Five paintings by Russell Hoban of the dream team: a conception of what each player might look like if he had all the physical and psychological attributes his position most calls for.

► An article on his basketball philosophy by the man whom *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* quoted as saying (SI, Dec. 16), "I don't give a damn what anybody says about me or my methods." He is, of course, the coach with the winningest record in the game, Adolph Rupp of the University of Kentucky. Next week, with every evidence that he does, indeed, give a damn, he accepts *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s invitation to give his answer.

*Henry P. Rupp*

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# Guide to Ski Areas

This year there are more ski areas with better facilities than ever. To assist the skier in his choice of places, both old and new, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has compiled a representative guide to the major midwestern ski resorts, giving key facts on each resort—the number of days operated last season; average maximum snow depth; total attendance last year; type of lifts, with length/rise/capacity per hour; new facilities; the address for reservation information. In addition, the guide lists the name and telephone number of the person to call in each area for reports on snow conditions throughout the season.

## MICHIGAN

**Anaconda, Boyne City:** New area, with 2 miles of trails, Poma 1,500/200/700; warming hut. *Reservations:* Gregg Smith, Boyne City Citizens, Boyne City. *Snow conditions:* GREGG SMITH, Boyne City, Junction 4-6641.

**Boyne Mt. Lodge, Boyne Falls:** 10 miles of trails, open 139 days, avg. min. snow depth 2 feet. Double chair 1,800/500/800; double chair 1,830/435/800; T bar 600/450/800. *New:* Heron double chair 2,250/500/300; snow-making equipment. *Reservations:* Boyne Mt. Lodge, Boyne Falls. *Snow conditions:* CHARLES MOLL, Boyne Falls 29.

**Brule Mt., Iron River:** 3 miles of trails, open 115 days, avg. min. snow depth 10 inches, year's crowd 3,500. T bar 1,600/380/700. *Reservations:* Iron County Ski Corp., 408 W. Adams St., Iron River, Box 366. *Snow conditions:* TONY ANDRESKI, Iron River 700; nights, Iron River 368.

**Cadillac, Cadillac:** 10 miles of trails, open 84 days, avg. min. snow depth 10 inches, year's crowd 45,500. Double chair 2,200/265/1,100, 26 rope tows. *New:* 300-car parking lot; cafeteria and shop enlarged; enlarged instruction area. *Reservations:* Chamber of Commerce, Cadillac. *Snow conditions:* FRED ROCKS, Cadillac, Prospect 5-2678.

**Chippewa Ridge, Marquette:** 3½ miles of trails, open 87 days, avg. min. snow depth 23 inches, year's crowd 8,000. T bar 1,550/425/1,250. *New:* three runs; Ridge Run developed. *Reservations:* Chippewa Ridge, Box 487, Marquette. *Snow conditions:* ANNAMARIE HOEGLMOSE, Marquette, Canal 5-0486.

**Mt. Christie, Oxford:** New area, 30 miles from Detroit. Poma 1,200/160/500; three slopes; five toboggan runs; shop; restaurant; lodge; snow-making equipment; night skiing. *Reservations:* Mt. Christie Lodge, Davison Road, Oxford. *Snow conditions:* NORM ARNER, Grosse Pointe, Tuxedo 2-9239.

**Manistee Ski Area, Manistee:** 7 miles of trails, open 45 weekend days, avg. min. snow depth 9 inches, year's crowd 11,500. 9 rope tows. *New:* 2 rope tows; 2 runs. *Reservations:* Holland Capper, Manistee Board of Commerce, Manistee Ski Area, Manistee. *Snow conditions:* HOLLAND CAPPER, Manistee, Parkview 3-2154.

**Mt. Manistee, Manistee:** 4 miles of trails, T bar 1,200/300/814; five rope tows. *New:* 3 rope tows; lodge; locker rooms; bar; new trail; lighting for Friday night skiing; hi-fi skiing music. *Reservations:* Mt. Manistee Ski Club, Manistee. *Snow conditions:* HAROLD AXTMANN, Manistee, Justice 7-7491.

**Nub's Neb, Cross Village:** New area with 2 miles of trails. Poma 1,900/450/300; lodge; restaurant; shop. *Reservations:* Norm Barnes, Cross Village. *Snow conditions:* NORM BARNES, Harbor Springs 1164-W2.

**Pine Mt., Iron Mt.:** Open slopes, with 3,800-foot run, open 116 days, avg. min. snow depth 10 inches, year's crowd 20,000. 6 rope tows. *New:* Ribbet double chair 2,350/340/300; lodge. *Reservations:* Pine Mt. Corp., Pine Mt. Lodge, Iron Mt. *Snow conditions:* LAVERN TREMP or IRVING JOHNSON, Pine Mt. Lodge, Iron Mt. 2137.

**Porcupine Mts. State Park, 17 miles from Ontonagon:** 4½ miles of trails, open 99 days, avg. min. snow depth 12 inches, year's crowd 26,000. Twin T bars 2,800/600/1,200; 3 rope tows. *New:* ski shelter completed; W-2 ski run smoothed. *Reservations:* Secretary, Ontonagon Tourist Council, Ontonagon. *Snow conditions:* KNOX JAMISON, Silver City 32.

**Thunder Mt., Boyne Falls:** 4 miles of trails, open 109 days, avg. min. snow depth 18 inches, year's crowd 7,000. Poma 2,400/510/830, 4 rope tows. *New:* 1,000-foot rope tow; 8,100-foot run; lodge improved; ski patrol; ski school dorm. *Reservations:* Joseph H. Behse, Boyne Falls. *Snow conditions:* JOSEPH H. BEHSE, Boyne Falls 61.

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## SKI GUIDE continued

**Walloon Hills Ski Area, Walloon Lake:** 4 miles of trails, open 98 days, avg. min. snow depth 10 inches, year's crowd 5,000. Poma 2,000/400/1,000. *Reservations:* Walloon Hills Ski Area, Box 185, Walloon Lake. *Snow conditions:* DONALD BARRETT, Walloon Lake, Kallag 1-2702 or 1-8381.

## MINNESOTA

**Lookout Mt. Ski Lodge, Virginia:** New area with 3 miles of trails. Ruble double chair 1,500/275/900; double-deck chalet. *Reservations:* Lookout Mt. Ski Lodge, Virginia. *Snow conditions:* ANDY BRADSH, Virginia, Sherwood 1-8717.

**Lutsen Resort, Lutsen:** 3 miles of trails, open 85 days, avg. min. snow depth 8 inches, year's crowd 8,000. 4 rope tows. *New:* 4,000-foot intermediate run; heated swimming pool. *Reservations:* Lutsen Resort, Lutsen. *Snow conditions:* GEORGE NELSON JR., Lutsen, Mohawk 3-7551.

**Mt. Normandale Ski Lodge, 5 miles from Minneapolis:** Open slopes, open only 3 days due to lack of snow. Platter-type lift 1,000/300/500. *Reservations:* Mt. Normandale Ski Lodge, 55 and Normandale South, Minneapolis. *Snow conditions:* GORDON BOWEN, Minneapolis, South 1-7515.

**Pine Bend Ski Area, St. Paul:** 3 miles of trails, open only 2 days last season but normally open 65 days, avg. min. snow depth 10 inches, normal year's crowd 15,000. 4 rope tows. *New:* ski shop; restaurant; slopes smoothed. *Reservations:* Oscar Cyr, Route #1, South St. Paul. *Snow conditions:* OSCAR CYR, Hastings, Geneva 7-4536.

## SOUTH DAKOTA

**Terry Peak Ski Area, Lead:** 4½ miles of trails, open only 26 days due to poor snow depth of 3 feet, local skiers only. Double chair 5,000/1,200/300. *New:* clubhouse, runs redesigned. *Reservations:* Chamber of Commerce, Deadwood. *Snow conditions:* ED KEENE, Deadwood 38.

## WISCONSIN

**Hartfordville Ski Area, Rice Lake:** 3 miles of trails, open 40 days, avg. min. snow depth 20 inches, year's crowd 19,733. 6 rope tows. *New:* 2 open slopes; 5-acre skating lake. *Reservations:* Hagen Motel, Rice Lake. *Snow conditions:* NRS CASPER HAGEN, Rice Lake 762.

**Mt. Telemark, Cable:** 2½ miles of trails, open 120 days, avg. min. snow depth 12 inches, year's crowd 25,000. T bar 2,000/320/1,000; 8 rope tows. *New:* chalet redecorated; bottom of Tapley run widened. *Reservations:* Telemark Co., Hayward. *Snow conditions:* TONY WISE, Hayward 15 or 254.



**Big Mt., Wausau:** 3 miles of trails, open 61 days, avg. min. snow depth 3 inches, year's crowd 17,000. T bar 1,450/350/750; 3 rope tows. *Reservations:* Chamber of Commerce, Wausau. *Snow conditions:* DELMAR GRUM, Wausau 2-1011, nights, Wausau 8-5126.

**Shetland Valley, Three Lakes:** 2 miles of trails, open 115 days, avg. min. snow depth 12 inches, year's crowd 5,000. Poma 1,700/300/500; 4 rope tows. *New:* Nocollet dining room in chalet. *Reservations:* Northshire, Three Lakes. *Snow conditions:* MIKE MARTY, Three Lakes 4397.

**Treduegen Ski Area, Dresser:** 5 miles of trails, open 40 days, avg. min. snow depth 6 inches, year's crowd 15,000. 6 rope tows. *New:* slopes smoothed, rental shop enlarged; Sno Cat. *Reservations:* Walter J. Peterson, St. Croix Falls. *Snow conditions:* WALTER J. PETERSON, St. Croix Falls 3-J.

## EAST AND WEST

Following are some of the top resorts in the East and West which skiers may want to consider.

**Aspen Highlands, Aspen, Col.:** New area with 12 miles of trails. Constant T bar 1,200/220/850; Riblet double chair 2,700/950/300; Riblet double chair 3,800/2,000/400; restaurant; shop; ski school. *Reservations:* Nadine Johnson, Chamber of Commerce, Aspen. *Snow conditions:* PETER SEIBERT, Aspen, Walnut 5-7181.

**Aspen Ski Area, Aspen, Col.:** 33 miles of trails, open 120 days, avg. min. snow depth 4 feet, year's crowd 125,000. Chair 5,450/2,574/275; chair 5,210/713/275; double chair 4,940/1,140/450; double chair 3,100/836/900; double chair 3,100/836/900; double chair 6,775/2,150/700. *New:* three motels; Villa Lamarr, 120 people, lounge, coffee shop; The Nugget, 75 people, lounge, swimming pool; The St. Moritz, budget-priced chalet near mountain, suites to dormitories. *Reservations:* Nadine Johnson, Chamber of Commerce, Aspen. *Snow conditions:* HOKKEN INMAN, Aspen, Walnut 5-3611.

**Big Bromley, Peru, Vt.:** 12 miles of trails, open 113 days, avg. min. snow depth 4 feet, year's crowd 90,000. J bar 12,300/700/900; J bar 22,480/480/900; J bar 31,800/500/900; J bar 41,600/385/900; J bar 51,100/225/900; Poma 62,000/480/850. *New:* Riblet double chair 5,700/1,400/800; novice slope; 700-car lot above Lord's Prayer. *Reservations:* Wells Glenn Realtors, Manchester. *Snow conditions:* FRED PARST, at Bromley, Manchester 315.

**Bretternilk, Aspen, Col.:** New area with 4 miles of trails. Doppelmayr T bar 4,000/720/1,000; restaurant; shop. *Reservations:* Nadine Johnson, Chamber of Commerce, restaurant

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# Homemade Mountains

**In the Midwest only money and earth movers stand between people and skiing**

**S**KIING in the Midwest, an area not noted for its high peaks, has been growing so fast in the past five years that it now ranks second to New England in its number of skiers. Typical of the growth, and of the people behind it, are the two biggest new developments in the Midwest this year.

First is Lookout, up in Minnesota's famous Mesabi Iron range north of the western end of Lake Superior. The town of Virginia simply took over a mountain ridge there and made it a grand place to ski. The ridge rises 275 vertical feet over the surrounding lake country and has been carved into a series of half-mile trails and slopes that fan out from the terminal point of the only chair lift in Minnesota. Half a mile of skiing at a time is more than enough to toughen any number of snow bunnies to the point where they become competent skiers. This is one reason why Midwest skiing has been able to enjoy so powerful an upsurge. Another is the Midwest community enthusiasm, the same sort that supports Big

*continued*



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**LOOKOUT** rope tow (D) and double chair lift (B) bring skiers to long ridge line (3), where transfer tows (C) give them choice of Gopher slope (1), Snow Bowl (2), Laurentian run (4) and Alpine Schuss (5), up to half mile in length. Rope tow (A) serves beginners' Sitka Markon (6). Area has modern ski lodge (7) at the bottom.



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**HOMEMADE MOUNTAINS** *and people*

Ten football With that kind of backing almost anything can—and does—grow big.

Virginia is a town that has plenty of self-generated enthusiasm. Once, when one of its hotels burned, a group which called itself "The Committee To Expedite the Building of Hotel Coates" raised the dollars to rebuild the hotel. The same committee turned itself into a continuing body and last year put up \$1,000 to have Lookout surveyed for its skiing potential. From there the chamber of commerce and several platoons of citizens committees got into the act. By June a ski corporation had been set up with authorization to issue \$200,000 in stock. Businessmen who didn't know a schuss from slalom suddenly got the gospel. They set up a campaign to sell stock that encompassed all known selling media, right down to doorbell ringing. The pitch was "Turn Snow Into Cash and Fun." By March 18, 1958 the corporation issue had been subscribed, in toto and with enthusiasm.

In the meantime, others had prepared applications to the U.S. Forest Service for use of the Lookout Mt. area. It was a job which included getting up exhibits, sketches, blueprints, plans for a 3,000-foot road and, among other things, outlining the financial structure. Victory was finally won. Shortly after the necessary stock had been sold the U.S. Forest Service awarded permission.

Construction got under way almost immediately and building crews ran into luck. Where everyone thought only rock existed, workmen on the road project struck gravel. Two tons of blasting powder and a few bulldozers moved 40,000 cubic yards of earth on Lookout. The pattern of trails and slopes was ready for snow by November. While one crew put in a double chair lift, another worked on the handsome two-level lodge to hold the restaurant, ski shop and warming room.

There is parking for 500 cars, a Sno-cat packer for keeping the slopes smooth and skiable, a raft of vapor mercury lights for night skiing, a ski patrol, ski school and even ski hostesses to set the newcomer on the right track.

The town has no bona fide ski runs as yet but, if the ski tourism swells to the expected volume from sources like Duluth, 65 miles south, and from

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Minneapolis and St. Paul, 200 miles south, the Inns won't be long in coming. In the meantime there is always plenty of space in the Hotel Coates and four other hotels in Virginia.

The D.W. & P. railroad runs to Duluth, with connections to the large Midwest cities, including, of course, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Central Greyhound buses also stop in the town en route north. North Central Airlines flies in to Hibbing, 15 miles away; and Eveleth-Virginia Airport, seven miles out, can handle private planes. At both airports rental cars with ski racks are available.

#### A VERITABLE ST. MORITZ

Some of the 75 inches of snow that comes down on Lookout Mt. every year has already fallen on the newly cut trails. To Virginia townspeople, their place looks like St. Moritz.

The No. 2 effort, a steeper but slightly less expensive proposition, is, by contrast with Lookout Mt., a lonesome George proposition. It is called Nub's Nob and is being built outside of Harbor Springs in Michigan, not far from Petoskey on the lower peninsula. Nub is Norman Sarns, a sportsman dedicated to sailing in the summer and skiing in the winter. His wife Doris, once women's national ice boat champion, takes part in both sports with the same enthusiasm. The Sarnses' 45-foot *Riviera* is one of the busiest and winningest B class sailboats on the Great Lakes (class B winner, Port Huron-Mackinac race last year for the second time running). The Sarnses

continued

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HOMEMADE MOUNTAINS *continued*

hope their area is going to be as successful in winter against other lower-peninsula ski developments as their boat is during the summer.

The Sarnses became ski proprietors almost by accident when they bought an all-year house on the shore of Lake Michigan. Directly in back of them was a round little mountain, formerly a sand dune, now overgrown, that looked as though it would be dandy for skiing come winter. It wasn't long before a rope tow was strung up the slope's flank and Nub and Doris Sarns and all their friends were rallying up and down almost to their hearts' content. The one drawback was a warming westerly that used to blow off the lake and wipe out the snow regularly. Sarns took to looking farther inland where the high hills still held the snow. He located one that was a regular lee-box: it always had snow. He bought it, and from then on there was a Nub's Nob.

## TRAIL BLAZER IN THE SNOW

Sarns tramped his mountain for two years, laying out and rejecting tentative trail plans, studying the snow-holding qualities of the various exposures and clearing timber to make trial trails. Last spring he brought in the crews that in turn brought in Nub's Nob.

Sarns has put in a 1,900-foot Pomagalski double chair that goes up higher than any other in the Midwest (450 vertical feet). It ends on Decision Plateau, from where you can see the Straits of Mackinac, the new bridge to the upper peninsula and Mackinac Island, scene of *Rosie's* triumphs. From the top are laid out a series of three-quarter to over-a-mile trails. One of the latter is the longest continuous downhill run in the state. The design of all the trails has been thought out to give both easy descents for beginners and artificial mogul corridors for experts.

The Nob ought to have plenty of customers. It is 240 miles from Lansing and Grand Rapids, 275 from Detroit, with a Capital Airlines service to Pellaton, 15 minutes away by car. The Sarnses' white-pine lodge beds down 48 persons, and the cocktail bar in the Sarnses' restaurant will hold twice that many. Hotels and motels of the traditional tourist country around Petokey have more than adequate space to take care of the rest of the sliders.

END



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# FOOTBALL'S 10<sup>TH</sup> WEEK

COMPILED BY MERVIN HYMAN

## THE WEST

Battered and beaten nine times last year and regarded as little more than a bare threat for honors in the dying PCC, California's Golden Bears squinched past Stanford 16-15 to complete the greatest turnaround since the British won at El Alamein. With victory went the conference title and a berth in the Rose Bowl. California's Joe Kapp, making only sparing use of his favorite weapon, the pass, twice sent Halfback Jack Hart hurtling over from the one-yard line and tossed to Wayne Crow for the final two points. Stanford, in a last ditch attempt to overhaul the Bears, scored on a 21-yard

Fullback Dave Powell churned through the Oregon State line for two touchdowns in a 20-0 victory.

Gaining momentum in the second half, the Air Force Falcons battered defenseless New Mexico 45-7. Quarterback Rich Mayo provided the air lift with 18 completions in 27 passes for 219 yards and three touchdowns, one to Halfback Mike Quinlan who also sprinted for three scores, one on a 62-yard punt return. With only fading Colorado, upset by Colorado State 15-14, to beat, the bowl-minded Falcons are a good bet to go undefeated in their first year of big-time football. Predicted Colorado Coach Dal Ward: "They'll probably beat the hell out of us."

In other games, Wyoming made up a 14-point deficit to beat Brigham Young 22-14 for the Skyline Conference championship and a Sun Bowl bid; Arizona State trounced Arizona 47-0 but couldn't stop Dave Hibbert from snaring seven passes to bring his total to 61, a new NCAA record. COPR Dick Bess ran for six touchdowns and 191 yards to clinch the NCAA rushing crown in a 68-17 win over San Diego State. The top three:

1. AIR FORCE (9-0-0)
2. CALIFORNIA (7-0-0)
3. WASHINGTON STATE (5-3-0)



**BACK OF THE WEEK:** Bill Austin, greatest halfback in Rutgers' 90-year football history, ran for 34 points in 61-0 rout of Columbia, became nation's top scorer.

pass from Dick Norman to Joel Frets with 1:59 to play and elected to go for two points and a win. But Hart smacked down the Indians' Slip Face short of the goal (see page 52) to protect the Bear triumph.

Washington State got two quick scores in the first quarter, then fell behind Washington 14-12 before pulling itself together to win 18-14 on Dave Wilson's seven-yard pass to End Don Ellerick. Pointing to his team's 7-3 record, Captain Don Ellingsen of WSC announced: "We want a bowl game, any bowl, and we'll go any place to play—even China."

Meanwhile, the other PCC teams were playing out the string of their unpredictable season. UCLA had USC all but beaten 15-7 when Luther Hayes, a long-legged defensive end, ran back a kickoff 74 yards and Quarterback Tom Maudlin struggled through the Bruin defense for two points and a 15-15 tie. Oregon

curate pitching (9 for 14) of Quarterback Bill Gandy, the steady hammering of Halfback John Crouthamel, a provoking figure most of the day (see page 54), and crunching line play to wear down the Tigers and make off with a 21-12 victory.

Harvard and Yale, with nothing more at stake than The Game, bumbled and fumbled their way through most of a lackluster first half until nervy Quarterback Charlie Ravenel, a mighty mite whose enthusiasm inspires his teammates, picked up the Harvards and made them play decent football. Rolling out on option plays, thrusting and darting through and around the Eli forwards, Ravenel lugged Harvard all the way to the seven-yard line, from which point he scored on the last play of the second quarter. In the second half, Ravenel lit the fuse for no-thing runs of 20 and 17 yards by Chet Boulis and Larry Repesher. With the gates wide open, Albion Cullen went over from the two-yard line to complete a 23-0 rout of the poor Eli.

Rutgers and Buffalo, with sympathetic ears tuned to bowl bids, finished with a



**LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** Guard Bob Grottskan led Oregon line in crushing Oregon State attack, then broke open Beaver dams to let Ducks through for 20-0 win.

flourish. Bill Austin (see left), out with a broken hand in the only game his team lost, ran for five touchdowns and four extra points before Rutgers shattered Columbia 61-0; Buffalo bulldozed past Bucknell 38-0.

In other games, Boston U. outscored Connecticut 36-22; Holy Cross defeated Marquette 14-0; Lehigh and Lafayette played to a 14-14 tie; Quinceo Marano upset Villanova 19-13. The top three:

1. ARMY (7-0-0)
2. SYRACUSE (5-1-0)
3. PITTS (5-3-1)

## THE SOUTH

Syracuse, held down by stubborn West Virginia, made his conversions pay 10-1 for a 15-12 triumph, 8-1 season's record and a date with Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. Quarterback Chick Zimmerman found a worthy rival in the Mountaineers' Dick Longfellow, but passed to End

## THE EAST

Dartmouth and Princeton went at it for 60 bruising minutes as if the very fate of the world depended upon the outcome. And indeed it did, the Ivy League world that is. For when the last cheer pealed across Palmer Stadium, it was the Dartmouth Indians who wore the Ivy League crown. But not until Princeton Tailbacks Don Sachs and Hugh Scott, running and passing the Tigers to a 12-6 lead, had worried the Indians nearly to death. Dartmouth struck back on the ac-

## TOP TEN SMALL COLLEGES

(First NATA Ratings)

1. NORTHEAST OKLAHOMA (10-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (FLAGSTAFF) (10-0)
3. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (5-0)
4. EAST TEXAS STATE (5-1)
5. ST. BENEDICT'S (10-0)
6. MISSOURI VALLEY (8-0)
7. WILLAMETTE (8-1)
8. MIDDLE TENNESSEE (2-0)
9. KEARNEY STATE (10-0)
10. LENOIR RHYME (5-1)



**NEW FACES OF THE WEEK:** Illinois' John Easterbrook (left) quarterbacked fellow sophomores to overtake Northwestern 37-20; UCLA Tailback Bill Kilmer ran USC dizzy on end sweeps in topsy-turvy 15-15 deadlock between the odd rivals.

Dave Baker for two touchdowns and got his winning margin on a run by Ed Kieffer and a placement by Al Gerlick.

Sugar Bowl-bound LSU, fussing along with a 6-0 half-time lead over Tulane before 85,000—the South's largest crowd—at New Orleans, suddenly shot Billy Cannon loose for three touchdowns, Frank Robinson for four more, to rout the weary Greenies 62-0 and complete its first unbeaten season in 50 years.

Listless Auburn, under wraps before eager Alabama scouts, used a half-dozen guileless plays and fell back on its early-season grinding offense to coast by Wake Forest 21-7; underdog Duke surprised North Carolina 7-6 on Halfback Wray Carlton's one-foot plunge and successful placement; Florida bounced back from a stunning Florida State touchdown to dump the pious-happy Seminoles 21-7; Kentucky slipped by punchless Tennessee 6-2; Clemson spoiled Boston College's bowl hopes, but enhanced its own by winning 34-12.

In other games, Georgia poured it on The Citadel 75-0; Maryland and Virginia filled the air with 75 passes but the Terps did most of the catching to win 44-6; Alabama squeaked past Memphis State 14-0; South Carolina edged North Carolina State 12-7. The top three:

1. LSU (10-0-0)
2. AUBURN (10-0-1)
3. CLEMSON (7-2-0)

#### THE SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference, where form rarely prevails, was conquered by a pre-season favorite for one of the few times in its gaudy history when methodical TCU set down Rice 21-10 (see page 50) to win the title and a spot in the Cotton Bowl. Beaten only by Iowa's Big Ten champions, the Horned Frogs started slowly, were given the spark they needed by Halfback Marvin Luster, who romped 58 yards after plucking a Rice fumble out of the air (see page 51), and went on to score twice more.

Defense was a scarce commodity at Dallas, where SMU and Baylor ran and passed for a total of 617 yards and 62 points. But, when it was all over, the difference was SMU's Don Meredith, who passed for 205 yards (3 for 19) and two

touchdowns, ran for 86 yards and two more scores, the last with 1:11 to go, to outshine Baylor's Buddy Humphrey and give the Mustangs a 33-28 victory. At Lubbock, Arkansas defeated Texas Tech 14-8 for its fourth in a row after six straight losses. The top three:

1. TCU (10-0-0)
2. SMU (10-0-1)
3. AICE (10-0-0)

#### THE MIDWEST

Iowa's Randy Duncan turned runner to keep the Notre Dame defense honest, found the target with his puns often enough to lead the Hawkeyes to a 31-21 win over the Irish. George Izo tried his best to keep Notre Dame in the game, running for one touchdown and passing for two more, but he could not get his pass-dropping teammates to cooperate.

Normally nearly returned to the Big Ten where traditional games were the order of the day, Indiana, long the league's foot scraper, provided the only surprise, rising to the Purdue's defensive dandies 15-15 and slip into the first division for the first time since 1947. Wisconsin sewed up second place by beating Minnesota 27-12; Illinois handed Northwestern its third straight loss 27-20; Ohio State turned back inspired Michigan 20-14 despite Wolverine Bob Pracek's record-breaking (24 for 35 and 241 yards) passing.

In other games, Oklahoma thumped Nebraska 40-7 for its 15th straight Big Eight title and an automatic Orange Bowl bid; Kansas' Larry McKown and Homer Floyd teamed up on a last-minute 80-yard pass play to deadlock Missouri 13-13; Michigan State finally won one, defeating Kansas State 26-7. The top three:

1. IOWA (10-0-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (10-1-0)
3. WISCONSIN (7-1-1)

#### 10TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA Statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTR.
Bill Austin, Rutgers	16	10	0	156
Dick Bass, COP	15	0	0	132
Ron Burton, Northwestern	12	4	0	76
RUSHING	R	YDS	AVG.	
Dick Bass, COP	175	1,231	7.0	
Bob White, Ohio State	213	859	8.9	
Dwight Nichols, Iowa St.	220	815	8.7	
PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS
R. Hunsaker, Ariz.	191	106	355	1,129
R. Duncan, Iowa	172	191	587	1,347
R. Mayo, Air Force	158	91	576	960
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YOS.	
Randy Duncan, Iowa	39	1,347	1,386	
Dick Bass, COP	1,231	79	1,310	
Joe Kapp, Calif.	582	649	1,231	
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GAME AVG.	
Iowa	649	3,658	405.9	
Army	560	3,073	384.1	
Air Force	694	3,445	382.8	
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YOS.	GAME AVG.	
Auburn	456	1,321	150.1	
Purdue	485	1,590	176.7	
Army	503	1,439	174.8	

## RED GRANGE PREDICTS

### AUBURN VS. ALABAMA

Coach Bear Bryant has done a fine job bringing Alabama back, but that solid Auburn defense, the best in the nation, will be too much for the Crimson Tide. AUBURN.

### FLORIDA VS. MIAMI

The Gators have been impressive in their rugged schedule and will be aching to add still one more defeat to Miami's disappointing season. And they will. FLORIDA.

### GEORGIA VS. GEORGIA TECH

The Engineers have improved from week to week and never beat themselves. Georgia can score but not enough to beat GEORGIA TECH.

### MISSISSIPPI VS. MISSISSIPPI ST.

A close one between traditional rivals. Ole Miss has the better record and more depth up front. MISSISSIPPI.

### VANDERBILT VS. TENNESSEE

The Vols are still searching for a consistent tailback to make their single wing go. Vandy has the backs, led by able Quarterback Boyce Smith, to win. VANDERBILT.

### ARMY VS. NAVY

This is the NCAA game by NBC-TV, and I'm glad I don't have to pick a winner. Anything can happen when these two old rivals knock heads, but one thing is sure: Army's Caldwell and Navy's Tranehill, two of the East's better passers, will make it a wide-open game.

### TCU VS. SMU

A tough one. Don Meredith's passing and running make SMU hard to beat, but TCU's superior line will keep enough pressure on the Mustang quarterback to win. TCU.

### OKLAHOMA VS. OKLAHOMA ST.

Inexperienced at the start, the Sooners have come a long way under the coaching of Bud Wilkinson. State is no match for OKLAHOMA.

### USC VS. NOTRE DAME

The Irish can move the ball, even against the big USC line. George Izo's passing will be more than USC can handle. NOTRE DAME.

### AIR FORCE VS. COLORADO

Colorado has shipped badly since midseason, and the Falcons are eager to complete their first unbeaten season. Rich Mayo's passing gives the edge to AIR FORCE.

### LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:

T: 8/10; W: 10/10; F: 1/10  
RECORD TO DATE: 23-23-5

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## SCOREBOARD

FOR THE RECORD

**BASKETBALL**—New York, leader in NBA Eastern Division standings, ST. LOUIS, leader in Western Division.

**BOKING**—CHARLEY (SONNY) LISTON, 2-round TKO over Ernie Cock, Inyangwatha, Miami Beach.  
**SPIDER WEBB**, 1-round TKO over Jerry Cardella, middle rights, San Francisco.

RALPH TILLEY JONES, 10-round decision over Ray Calhoun, welterweight, New York

**CROSS-COUNTRY**—**E**RL JEFFERSON, Lehigh Valley, Pa., 194-195, international tournament with 1954-1955. Invert Runner-up Lehigh Valley, Pa., with 10-1.

**FIELD TRIALS—NILE POSSIBLITY** (Labradors), owned by Kenneth Wilgore, Milwaukie, handled by Bill Woodruff, St. Louis, National Retriever championship, Walling Spring, Mo.

**FOOTBALL—HAMILTON TIGER-CATS.** Eastern Canada championship, the right to host **WINNIPEG BLU & BOARDS**, Western champions, in Grey Cup playoff this Saturday. Vancouver, B.C.

**GOLF**—ANGEL MPOURU, Spain, individual won 199 and a wild shagun in International Canada Cup match in 199-50 playoff with Henry Bradshaw, Ireland, Nervous City Team winner of Canada Cup Ireland with 573

**HARNESS RACING**—**DANN SAFE**, \$50,000 Eastern Championship col. 1 1/16 m., by *Star Apollo*, on 110 lbs., Yonkers, N.Y. Withum Isaac, driver.

**GOLD WORTHY** American Paring Classic  
championess, 1 m., by 1 1/4 lengths, on 2 to 3/4,  
Hollywood Park. Trainer: Stewart, driver

**HOCKEY**—MONTREAL, first, Boston second, Detroit third in NHL standings.  
**KELOWNA PACKERS**, Canadian, winning from, won two games, lost two, first out in 5-game series against chief enemy in Moose.

**HORSE RACING—INTENTIONALLY** \$164,000  
Pioneer Patsy, 2 7/16 m., by two lengths, vs  
J.L. Willie Showboat op  
VRETEX \$57,000 favored H. 1 7/8 m., by  
five lengths, vs 43 7/8. Sumner Base Bonobos

**SOUND TABLE** named *Words of the Year* by The Morning Telegraph and Daily Racing Form. Other grammatical references: **FIRST LANDING**, best 5-year-old, **TIM TAM**, best 3-year-old, **SOUND TABLE**, best handiwork, **ROCK**, **ROCK** 18/12, best handiwork, **JOY** or **JOY**, **JOY**

**HORSE SHOW**—**BILL STEINKRAUS, U.S.**, undefeated individual jumping champion, *Rapid Model Four*, Toronto; runner-up *Frank Chapel, U.S.*, tied with *Thomas Gafford, Canada*. Three horses were won by *Walt Gowans*.

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS**—JEAN BEVERE, 189, 189 mile Vanuatu Grand Prix on Ferrari in 1:15:42 1/5 for 94,876-mph average, Concorde, Buenos Aires, Judo, Polo, Venezuela.

**MURKIN—DIED:** MEL OTT, 48, former star and manager for New York Giants, of leukemia after automobile collision near Bay St Louis, Miss., in New Orleans.

**DIED**—MURRY COOPER, 42, who with brother Walter, a cousin, formed one of baseball's most famous batteries for St. Louis Cardinals, of pneumonia and a streptococcal infection, in Little Rock.

DIED—WALTER L. STEWART, 52, sports-writer since 1912 and sports editor of Memphis Commercial Appeal, after surgery to remove brain blood clot in Memphis.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

[illegible]

A roundup of the sports  
information of the week

## faces in the crowd . . .



MARY ANN BLAZNIK, 18, of Pine Bush, N.Y., was chosen the 1958 National Roller Skate Queen at Miami Beach competition. Miss Blaznik then announced plans to study medicine with \$2,590 prize.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT JR., encouraged by the success of his two Flat-Archers in Marlboro, Md. SCCA debut, announced plan to take a Roosevelt entry to the March 21 Sebring International.



BARBARA ROMACK, 28, Sacramento golfer who has earned professional status since winning the U.S. amateur championship in 1954, capitalized, and she would join Florida pro circuit in January.

HARLAN HILL, former Little All-America end at Florence (Ala.) State College and now with professional Chicago Bears, was among nine players elected to NAIA small-college Football Hall of Fame.



CRAWFORD KENNEDY of Michigan State became NCAA cross-country champion at meet in East Lansing with a 26:07.1 for four mile course. Last week Kennedy, 24, won IC-4A title in New York.

BOB CARTER, world champion bowler of St. Louis, was named the Sports Celebrity of the Year on city's banquet circuit by the Elks Club and St. Louis sportswriters and broadcasters.



JACKIE JENSEN, whose way with a bat helped the Red Sox to three-place finish, was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player. Gee-whizzed Jensen: "That's wonderful! It thrills me to death."

"We never carry  
more than  
\$50 in cash,"

says IDA LUPINO  
and HOWARD DUFF  
starring in "Mr. Adams and Eve,"  
Tuesdays, CBS-TV.



"When we travel, we always carry our money in American Express Travelers Cheques." Spendable anywhere, good until used, prompt refund if lost or stolen. Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices.



Charges, only a penny a dollar

## AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE

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Jaguar Suburban Coat and Sports Car Jacket



Wear this sports car jacket indoors or out with casual distinction. The slip-on red wool lining gives it real "central heating." Boucle-decorated tweed in heathery gray, Lovat green or brown. At selected stores, about \$49.95 with lining, \$42.50 without.

Live it up in this superlative suburban coat! Imported boucle-decorated tweeds in dozens of new weaves, all insulated with cloudweight Thermolite. Good-looking long-wearing, at selected stores, about \$35.

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# CELANESE GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS



PHIL RIZZUTO Great Yankee Shortstop

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\*This is the Arnel Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of triacetate fiber has been pre-selected for performance claimed.

**ARNEL®**

**Celanese** contemporary fibers

## COMING EVENTS

November 28 to December 4

All times E & T.

\* Color telecast • Television • National radio

### Friday, November 28

#### BOXING

- \* De John vs Brennan, 10 p.m., Met.
- \* No Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBA)

#### HORSE SHOW

- Ball Levanters Exposition, Chicago through Dec. 6.

### Saturday, November 29

#### BASKETBALL (pro)

- Cincinnati at St. Louis
- Detroit at Boston
- Minneapolis at Kansas City
- Philadelphia at New York

#### BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

- Winter Nats., Detroit through Dec. 7.

#### FOOTBALL (college)

- Air Force at Colorado
- \* Army vs Navy at Philadelphia, 3:35 p.m.
- \* (NBC-TV) Miami-Indiana
- Agony vs Alabama at Birmingham
- Kansas State vs Missouri
- \* Notre Dame at USC, 4:30 p.m. (ABC)
- Oklahoma at Oklahoma State
- TCU vs SMU
- (Canadian Pys)
- Grey Cup, Vancouver, B.C.

#### GOLF

- \* All-Star Golf, Round vs. De Vries, Boca Raton, Fla., 5 p.m. in early time zone (ABC)
- World Rejuvenation Champ., Bama Park, Calif. also Nov. 30.

#### HOCKEY

- \* Boston at New York, 2 p.m. (CBS)
- Chicago at Toronto
- Detroit at Montreal

### Sunday, November 30

#### AUTO RACING

- Jeff Muma Trophy Road Race, Nampa, Idaho through Dec. 6
- NCCA, Pacific Coast champ., fuel race, Phoenix, Ariz.

#### BASKETBALL (pro)

- Minneapolis at Cincinnati
- \* New York at Philadelphia, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)

#### FIELD HOCKEY

- United States Field Hockey Assoc. natl. competition, Lake Forest, Ill. (real day)

#### FOOTBALL (pro)

- Chicago Bears at Pittsburgh
- \* Los Angeles at Chicago Cardinals (CBS)
- \* Philadelphia at New York (CBS)
- \* San Francisco at Baltimore (CBS)
- \* Washington at Cleveland (CBS)

#### HOLLY HOCKEY

- \* Roller Derby, New York, 3:30 p.m. (ABC)

### Monday, December 1

#### BASKETBALL (college)

- Florida State vs Kentucky
- Penn State at North Carolina State
- Pittsburgh at Michigan
- Texas at Kansas State
- West Virginia at Furman

#### DOG TRIALS

- U.S. Open Fox Hounds Field Trials, Eufaula, Ala. (through Dec. 5)

### Tuesday, December 2

#### BASKETBALL (pro)

- Cincinnati vs St. Louis, New York vs Boston at New York
- Philadelphia at Detroit

### Wednesday, December 3

#### BOXING

- World's Inv. Mark Gene Champ., Chicago through Dec. 12

- \* Luton vs King, 10 p.m., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

### Thursday, December 4

#### BASKETBALL (college)

- Georgia Inst. Tourney, Atlanta also Dec. 15
- Hayler at Georgia Tech
- Tennessee vs NYU at Mid. St. Garden
- Holy Cross at Boston College

#### GOLF

- Dorland Beach Inv. Tourney, \$15,000, Dorado, Puerto Rico (through Dec. 7)

#### TELEVISION

- USLA Season's Hard Court Champs, La Jolla, Calif. through Dec. 7

\* See local listing



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**GRAFLEX**

**GPE**



**COLT FERVOR** gave vocal and written encouragement to city's darlings as Baltimore demolished the Los Angeles Rams, virtu-

ally wrapping up the Western Conference championship. Particular object of the fans' affection was crippled Quarterback





# LOVE AFFAIR IN BALTIMORE

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

**The Colts rule the West,  
and the home-town fans  
don't fear the East**

by **TEX MAULE**

**T**his Baltimore Colts, a team with the aplomb and finesse of a French diplomat and the pure power of an earthquake, decided the Western Conference championship of the National Football League last Sunday.

It is true that the Chicago Bears retain a mathematical chance of overtaking the Colts, should Baltimore collapse in a heap in its last three games and the Bears win all of theirs. This is roughly as unlikely as Art Donovan's taking up ballet, and Donovan is a 260-pound tackle for the Colts who thinks ballet is an island in the South Pacific.

In the Eastern Conference, the New York Giants and the Pittsburgh Steelers retain a chance to edge out Cleveland, but it will likely be an uncomfortable honor for whichever team wins the title. The Colts have matured into one great team, and they will be strong favorites in the championship playoff.

They knocked the Los Angeles Rams out of contention Sunday before a record 57,577 fervent admirers in Baltimore. The Baltimore pro football fans come to the game armed with a variety of signs proclaiming their love of their football team. They are as unabashedly enamored of their Colts as a bobby-soxer whinnying at Elvis Presley, and they howled with uninhabited delight as the Colts dismembered the Rams.

The Colt victory was a solid one despite the fact that the Rams lent the home team considerable assistance by managing to lose five fumbles and complete four passes to the Colt secondary. The Colt offense still accounted for 34 points, and two serious defects in the Ram defense can be blamed. First, the Rams thought that the injured Colt quarterback, Johnny Unitas, could be pummeled enough to make him lose his poise; second, and this was an outgrowth of the first mistake, they thought that Lenny Moore, the Colt halfback, could be covered by one man. Unitas, playing for the first time in three weeks, wore a steel and foam-rubber contraption protecting three broken ribs and took the Rams battering stoically; Jimmy Harris, the former Oklahoma quarterback who was assigned the task of containing Moore, didn't. The Rams, putting two men on Ray Berry, the magnificent Colt end, had only Harris left to cover Moore. The linebacker who would normally have helped Harris was assigned to rushing Unitas, and the Rams got through to Johnny often enough (he left the game with a cut over his right eye and a torn lip). But the pressure never affected his poise or his marksmanship; twice he completed passes with Ram tacklers draped on him, once to Jim Mutscheller for a touchdown. He never hurried a pass, and he never had one intercepted, and he didn't leave the game until the score was 34-7 in favor of the Colts and the Rams were well whipped. Moore, who was open all afternoon and probably should have been thrown to more often,

*continued on page 67*



John Unitas (19), below completing under severe attack one of his 14 passes.





HARRY BRADSHAW (LEFT) AND CHRISTY O'CONNOR PUT IRELAND IN THE LEAD ON THE SECOND DAY OF PLAY—AND KEPT HER THERE

## ERIN AND THE TOREADOR

**The golfing world's pro team championship was gallantly carried off by the Irish, and individual honors went to a potato-loving Spanish farmer**

by GWILYM BROWN

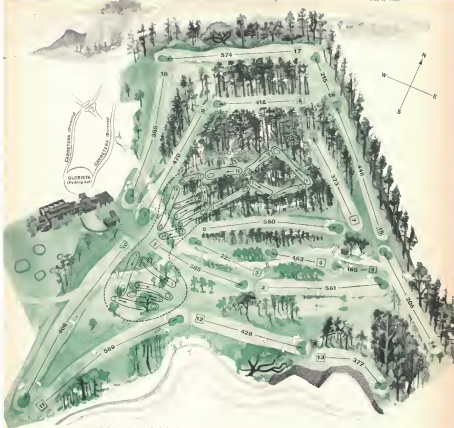
THE RYDER CUP, the Curtis Cup and now the Canada Cup," shouted a puckish, handsome little Welsh golfer named Dai Rees as he bounced ecstatically off the golf course at the Club de Golf Mexico in Mexico City last week. The Irish team of Harry Bradshaw and Christy O'Connor had just staged a stirring finish to win the sixth annual Canada Cup trophy, and then Bradshaw had been narrowly defeated in a three-hole, sudden-death playoff for individual honors by the surprising Angel Miguel of Spain. It hardly mattered to Rees that the winners of this 32-country, two-man-team, world professional golf championship had been Irish. He is captain of the British Ryder Cup team, and Bradshaw and O'Connor are two of his boys. Where golf is concerned at least, Ireland and Great

Britain are a friendly unit, and this was all in the family.

This renewal of an event that solidly increases in stature each year again had a setting, like Tokyo last year, which preserved for the Canada Cup its uniquely cosmopolitan flavor. Mexico City, with its population of 4,500,000, is a crowded, rambling metropolis that occupies a great part of the Valle México, an open, flat area some 50 miles wide, surrounded by a crown of mountains that extends up to 3,000 feet in the air over the valley floor, itself some 7,500 feet above sea level. The Club de Golf Mexico is tucked into the southern end of the valley, just beneath Ajusco Sierras. It was founded in 1949 by Miguel Alemán, then president of Mexico, on land almost completely covered with the volcanic ash from the Ajus-

cos. The only vegetation in this whole arid section of several hundred acres was a growth of 15,000 75-year-old coniferous evergreens known as "El Cedral." To cover this wasteland with a deep enough carpet of dirt and topsoil to cushion a first-class golf course required considerable cunning and patience, but by 1952 the course was ready for play. Today the club has a membership of 1,000, of whom half are Americans. In Mexico golf is too expensive to be a popular pastime with the middle class. There are virtually no municipal courses, and membership in a private club involves an initiation fee of \$4,000.

The Club de Golf course itself is an extremely tight one. The fairways are narrow and the greens well trapped. The rough alongside the fairways was deep and bushy and those who hit their balls that way were often severely punished. But on the holes that carried through El Cedral, it was the tall spruce trees, clustered close along each side of the fairways and looking clinically ominous in their four-foot-high jackets



## CLUB DE GOLF Mexico City

PAR 4 5 3 4 3 5 4 4 4 36 OUT 72  
4 3 4 4 3 4 3 5 4 36 IN

of white insecticide paint, that made each journey through this dark, green forest such a perilous one.

In addition, the course's measured distance of 7,216 yards was not a true indication of its length. On four of the long holes it was downright risky, if not impossible, to use a driver off the tee. On the 463-yard fourth hole, for example, a stream slashing diagonally across the fairway would have devoured any ball hit with a driver. It was necessary to use a shorter club off the tee and play safely in front of

this hazard. There were only three birdies scored there during the first half of the tournament, and a total of 78 bogeys or worse.

The great distance of the course was somewhat relieved by the fact of Mexico City's altitude. Here a golf ball will fly farther because the thin air can make only the most reluctant pretense at holding it back. It was permissible, under international golf rules, for the players to choose between the small, so-called English ball (1.62 inches in diameter), which can be

hit farther, or the larger American variety (1.68 inches), which putts better. This freedom of choice stirred rampant speculation as to which one would work better in the thin air. In Ben Hogan's meticulous mind, however, there was no room for doubt.

"Any golfer who has the chance," he said, squinting around at a small luncheon gathering who had come out to watch him play a practice round with Partner Sam Snead, "should play the small ball every time."

*continued on page 68*

**SPECTACLE***Photographed by Joern Gerdtz*

# Signals Up for the Snowball Express

**This is the skier's season, when the snow trains start hooting their way into the snow country loaded with skis**

**L**IKE bright flags signaling the ski train engineer to go! go! go!, the jumble of colorful skiers' baggage at Los Angeles Union Station (right) stands for the beginning of skiing and the skier's holiday mood this time of year. The Angelenos in question are leaving their own publicized heaven on Union Pacific's Snowball Limited for seven days of Sun Valley's fabulous high mountain skiing (left). Mass migrations to the bright, fresh world of skiing are getting to be a countrywide phenomenon. Regularly, winter trains set out from Boston, Chicago, New York and Detroit—luggage racks filled with parkas, gloves and goggles, aisles jammed with sweated skiers, baggage cars piled with expensive hickory skis—headed for ski depots like North Conway, N.H., Montpelier, Vt., Lake Placid, N.Y. and Petoskey, Mich. Overhead—not to forget the airlines—another contingent was winging on longer trips: Easterners going to the west and the Rockies; Chicagoans to Vermont and the Green Mountains; Texans to Utah's Wasatch Range. Add to these the skiers that went by car (the greatest number of all) and you will have a sum of several million: all the skiers in the U.S. who arrived at one or another of the country's 250 major and minor ski areas last winter.

Did they have a good time? Take a look at the next four pages of color pictures of Sun Valley, and you will see what may prompt an estimated 300,000 to join the ranks of the sport this year in favor of the same kind of thing. All aboard for winter!



SKIERS IN SUN AT END OF THE LINE: SUN VALLEY SLOPES

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**FOR THE STORY OF SUN VALLEY'S FAMOUS SKIERS AND SLOPES, AND A LOOK AT SKI EQUIPMENT, TURN TO THE SKI PREVIEW PAGE 35**

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**COOLING OFF** after a warm swim, Mrs. William Stout plunges forth into snowdrifts just outside one of the valley's pools. Up to his eyes already is Richard Van Houten III.

**RELAXING BLISSFULLY** in one of the valley's steaming pools, guests enjoy the best of two worlds, a summery swim after spending the day skiing nearby mountains.





**STEPPING HAPPILY** through flakes that proclaim skiing will soon be superb, San Valley skiers and a lodge bell-boy (center) make their way down the resort's main walk.

**GREETING GUESTS** that have joined them, Sam and Nanette Grossman pause in their lunch on the vantage of Roundhouse, high above the slopes of Christmas Bowl.





# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## The Silent Type

**T**HE STRAIN of telling the truth under oath could be fatal for James D. Norris and so, in all likelihood, he will not be required to tell a New York grand jury what he knows about corruption in boxing.

Norris, a key witness in District Attorney Frank Hogan's probe of Fixer Frankie Carbo and friends, has fought for months to win a certificate of ill health that would permit him to refuse his testimony despite promises of solicitous treatment at the hands of the district attorney and even immunity from prosecution. Last week he got the certificate from a court-appointed doctor who found that since Norris has had two heart attacks, of a "rather severe" nature, "the emotional stress of a court appearance could readily produce another myocardial infarction [a type of heart attack] which in itself could be fatal."

Alfred J. Scotti, who is the assistant district attorney, has challenged the authority of the court to quash the subpoena and is appealing its decision. But it looks now as if Norris has won legal permission to observe *omertà*, the Mafia code of silence.

If Norris is so prudent about his health that he cannot risk even answering questions about his sporting interests, one might expect that he would, in all consistency, abandon these interests. He did in fact resign as president of the International Boxing Club, but that was only after the district attorney began flinging subpoenas. Norris still is president of Madison Square Garden, which controls the IBC. A federal court has ordered him to get out of the Garden, thus ending his boxing monopoly, but Norris, with a fine disregard for

his health, has continued to labor in the Garden and has fought that order to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It would seem that there are some things, like money and power, for which Norris is willing to risk a myocardial infarction and then again there are some things, like the elimination of boxing's corrupt elements, for which he is willing to risk nothing.

## Look Now, Buddy

**J**UST ABOUT this time last year, Congressman William J. Green Jr. of Philadelphia got a plea, a sort of old-buddy plea, from a constituent for two tickets to the Army-Navy game. It took some doing, even for Green, but at last he got two tickets near his own and sent them off to old

*continued*



## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

buddy. Congressman Green remembers, with natural vividness, that nobody showed up to use those seats.

Now 12 months have gone by, and Congressman Green has been handsomely re-elected, and he has just had another old-buddy plea from the same constituent for two tickets to this week's Army-Navy game. Well, it took some doing, but the Congressman has succeeded in getting the pair he asked for and has sent them off. You may say that this is a fine example of forgiving charity, but the word around Philadelphia is that if the constituent looks now, and closely, he will find he is holding two coveted pasteboards for last year's game.

### Nice Guy

THE DEATH of Mel Ott last week after an auto accident was an event of only minor historical importance to baseball fans whose rooting interest in the game has been strictly bounded by television. For while Ott was still on the active roster of the New York Giants in 1947, when TV was beginning to establish a beachhead in major league parks, his career as a great player had ended, practically speaking, three or four years earlier, when TV cameras were still in the laboratories.

## They Said It

**CLAUDE GILSTRAP**, Arlington (Texas) Junior College coach, grumbling over the 1958 points-after-touchdown rule: "It puts too much pressure on the cheerleaders. Until this season they always knew which yell to use when the other team scored. But now those poor kids don't know whether to shout, 'Block that kick,' 'Stop that pass,' or 'Hold that line.'"

**MURRAY WARMATH**, regretting no coaching aspect of Minnesota's worst football record ever (1-8): "If I could start this season over again there isn't a thing I would do differently, except pray harder."

**SPIDER WEBB**, asked after seventh-round TKO of gore-sporting Joey Giardello, if the sight of all that blood bothered him: "Why should it, it was his."

**NEW MEXICO SUPREME COURT**, in ruling cockfighting a legal sport in that state: "While it is true in the minds of some men there is nothing more violent, wanton and cruel . . . others consider it an honorable sport, wellworn in the crucible of time so as to become an established tradition not unlike calf-roping, steer-riding, bull-dogging and broncobusting."

It's a shame, really, that more people didn't get to see Ott play. He was good, very good, a power hitter of genuine authority, a thoroughly competent outfielder, a professional ballplayer. Beyond his skills as a player, he brought to the game a quality that was too often lacking in major league baseball: an element of taste, of decency. Ott could use the rough, profane language of the ballplayer, and he was a hard, driving, sometimes irate competitor; but he had something in his personality beyond all this that endeared him to people sitting in the stands a hundred feet and more away. He was boyish, mannerly, square. He looked like the beau ideal of American youth: the rugged kid who could win ball games but who would stand up when a woman came into the room.

Certainly, for year after year, Ott and Carl Hubbell, his close friend and teammate, were far and away the most popular ballplayers in the world for the inhabitants of New York's Polo Grounds. Someone commented the other day that even Brooklyn fans used to applaud Mel Ott.

The most famous baseball use of the phrase "nice guy" applies to Ott. "Nice guys finish last," is what Leo Durocher is supposed to have said when Ott was managing the Giants

and Leo the Brooklyn Dodgers. Frank Graham, the sportswriter who first wrote the story, said that Red Barber had chided Leo about not being a "nice guy." Durocher scoffed. "Nice guys. Look at Ott. There's not a nicer guy in the world than Mel Ott. But he's in last place."

Durocher was, of course, wrong in his implication that Ott was a loser. A poor manager, yes, but in his playing days he was a winner, all the way. The point is, even rowdy Duffy Durocher recognized the fact that Mel Ott was a man to admire. He was an awfully nice guy.

### On Losing Coaches

COLLEGE football coaches are changed these days with the regularity of laundry in a tidy housewife's backyard. As articulate Duffy Daugherty, coach of Michigan State, put it, "It used to be that a coach's qualifications were an ability to get along with players, a sound knowledge of the game and a great desire to win, but now it seems a coach must also have a thick neck."

Coach Daugherty's remarks were not mere idle reflections. As the principal architect of one of MSU's most outstandingly unsuccessful seasons (3-5-1), his own neck has been stretched, albeit in effigy, from a number of impromptu gallows trees. All over the hallowed land of the free other brave men who make their homes in football stadiums on Saturday afternoons have suffered the same punishment for crimes no greater than failure to teach their boys how to score more touchdowns than the opposition. All of which may prove little more than that college students are exuberant youngsters at all times and that if they are not swallowing goldfish, as they did in the '30s, then they'll be doing something else. After all a good hanging is always fun—particularly when the victim is a stuffed dummy.

On the other hand, the annual executions may at least emphasize another point: the vulnerable position of each member of that small band of mentors who every year are

held personally accountable for the behavior and fortunes of their charges in a way that not even many military commanders are held. To vast armies of often oversentimental, often overenthusiastic, always fiercely partisan fans, a losing team demands a scapegoat, and the coach is the goat. This attitude is understandable and even forgivable, but it does tend to obscure the fact that football is both a sport and a team sport. It also tends to beg the question: How important is the mere fact of winning?

"I've been in football since I was 14 years old and I've never been dumb enough to think you can win them all," moaned Michigan State's Athletic Director Biggie Munn through his (quite real) tears when Coach Daugherty's team lost to Minnesota 39-12, "but when you throw a game away like this, it's terrible. When you've scratched and crawled a tenth of an inch at a time to build an empire, it takes a lot out of you to see it crash." Well now! Considering that Winston Churchill took even the breakup of the British Empire in rather more manful style, Mr. Munn's remarks seem somewhat excessive. In contrast, there was the remark of Coach Daugherty himself: "I regret the score, but not the attitude of our players. Their mistakes were honest ones and weren't caused by lack of effort. I am as disappointed as anyone, but especially for the boys."

No football coach worthy of the name likes to lose games any more than his team or his fans do. "I am in a losing situation," said Columbia's magnificently unsuccessful Coach Buff Doesell recently, "and I would venture to say that my boys are learning very little by constantly losing in the way of character building." But there are those, possibly less intimately involved, who even plump for losses. The president of sentimental Biggie Munn's own university has gone on record as saying that one good losing year is a fine thing, and the athletic director at Yale, whose gridmen have enjoyed their least distinguished season in



"You know, this is one hell of a way to celebrate Thanksgiving."

years, says bluntly: "I think, in a way, that it is very encouraging that we have had such a bad time." His point, and a well-taken one, was that Ivy League competition at least was the better for some show of variety.

We don't suppose for a moment that all of this will stop the fans from yelling for victories, nor do we want them to. Nor, for the matter of that, do we intend to stop ourselves. "We want a touchdown!" is a good and wholesome refrain. But we can't help feeling a degree of compassion even for those coaches who deny us the boon. "I'll say it affects you," said haggard Coach Hal Lahar, speaking of losses in general after a four-game losing streak at the University of Houston. "Fatigue, loss of weight, loss of sleep. You start putting so much pressure on yourself, you can't think straight. Then you start putting pressure on your assistants, and they start on the players, then—bang—the whole thing blows up." It does seem a pity to hang a man in such straits, even in effigy, but they hanged Hal anyway.

Maybe, when the tide turns at last and the score starts rolling up again, even the coaches forget the pains in their necks. "I've followed you and your Blue Devils for years," wrote a student at Duke to Coach Bill Murray shortly after his hanging at the end of a disastrous defeat by LSU. "Since I'm such a rabid fan of yours, I know some of my classmates expected me to defend you, but I don't think you need my defense. Your record of the past can stand for itself. You're a coach. Nobody forced you to become one. You're there because you love it, you love football and the youngsters who play it."

The letter was signed Carolyn Kirky (Mrs. Bill) Murray, and we can think of nothing to add to it.

### Imported from England

AT ONE TIME, the earth of the English Midlands made comfortable walking for Roman soldiers and good building material for Roman roads. Now, less than 2,000 years

continued

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

later, the same old soil plays a new part in the making of history; mixed in certain proportion and treated in certain ways, it is the best surface known on which to run the mile in less than four minutes or to break records in almost any track event, from the 100-yard dash to the 10,000-meter run.

In the last few years, hundreds of tons of the English Midlands have been dug up, shipped out and spread onto running tracks in such places as Australia, Arabia and Ireland. Now the next corner of a foreign field scheduled to be made forever England is located—of all places—in Chicago, U.S.A.

The field is Soldier Field, on the Chicago lake front, where the track and field events of the Pan-American Games will be held next summer. Needing a good track for the occasion, Chicagoans decided to get the best, and so they applied to the En Tout Cas Co. of Leicester, England. Soon there appeared in Chicago a stocky, middle-aged, businesslike English architect named Cecil George Jones, who designs running tracks, cricket pitches, tennis courts and other sports installations for the En Tout Cas Co.

"Our company is nearly 50 years old," said Mr. Jones the other day, "but we didn't really get cracking on mixing a special compound for tracks until just before the Olympic Games were held in London in 1948. We put down a track in Wembley Stadium which worked out very well. Since then we have improved our formula, which of course is a secret.

"Roger Bannister ran the first under-four-minute mile on an En Tout Cas track at Oxford. Now Cambridge has one too. There's one at Cardiff, where the Empire Games were held last August, and we finished tie one in Melbourne just two days before the opening of the Olympic Games in 1956. The new track in Dublin [SI, Aug. 18] is one of ours too."

According to Jones, as well as other less biased boosters, the advantage of the En Tout Cas surface is that it stays crisp and firm on top, yet moist and springy underneath. Spikes come out of the compound easily, so that

the runner is not detained by his shoes. And the track is just as usable after a heavy rain—or even during one—as it is in the finest weather. (En Tout Cas is French for *in any case*.)

Professional baseball, interested in being rained out as rarely as possible, once asked the En Tout Cas people to experiment with a weatherproof baseball diamond. En Tout Cas mixed up a new compound (the track mixture wouldn't do—you couldn't slide on it) and built a diamond at the U.S. Air Force Base at Bruntingthorpe, England. Reporting on results, the English builders wrote to their American agents that a "baseball match" was held directly after a heavy rain and that the "running paths" and "base points" were found entirely satisfactory. As yet, however, no major league team has installed English running paths on which to play its baseball matches.

The Sheik of Kuwait, who has plenty of oil money, once hired Jones to build a track for Kuwait University, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and Jones did so. Flat on the blazing desert he spread out tons of earth taken from the damp English countryside, and his highness the Sheik was well pleased. But this is one En Tout Cas track on which no spectacular times have been set: summer temperatures in Kuwait hit 120° to 140°.

Chicago's English track will be the first in North America, and Chicago

hopes it will continue to attract top-grade athletic events long after the Pan-American Games are over. This hope led the city to vote \$85,000 for building a track and field installation of Olympic caliber. The present asphalt track, which was used for stock-car races at Soldier Field, will be dug up and a base of fine cinders laid down to settle through the winter. As soon as the Great Lakes thaw next spring, a ship will bring 450 tons of En Tout Cas compound into Chicago, and Mr. Jones will reappear there to supervise its distribution over the base.

This should be done by June, and Chicagoans are talking now about opening the track with a pre-Games invitational meet to which every famous miler in the world would be invited. Chicago seems to feel that if most future track records are going to be set on English soil, some of them might as well be made on English soil within Chicago's city limits.

### Latest on Elmer Lam

FOOTBALL has run its annual course in the Shenandoah Valley and your attention is again invited to Elmer Lam of Elkton, Va. His story (SI, Oct. 20), it pleases to report, has enjoyed satisfactory resolution.

The Elkton High Elks (13 strong) scored 184 points this fall, their opponents 62. More precisely, Elmer Lam scored 112 and passed for 54 more, leaving the 18 remaining points to others. And it seems sure Elmer would have scored a few more if he had not been injured by resolute pile-on tacklers in the first quarter of Elkton's final game. A lineman was turned into an emergency back to take his place, and Elkton went down in its only defeat.

As we guessed they would, college scouts came to the Valley after our first story. Thus far, Elmer has scholarship offers from the Universities of Virginia, West Virginia and South Carolina, from Auburn, Virginia Polytech, George Washington, the Virginia Military Institute and Duke. But if Elmer Lam has made up his mind, he's not telling. He is much too busy with basketball. **END**



### Cold Logic

This man likes to dive  
In the cold seasons;  
He dives, I suppose,  
For divers reasons

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

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## TENNIS? IT'S JUMPING

THE plunk of tennis balls was hard to hear amid the cheers of football crowds, the screech of hockey skates on ice and the chant of slave traders peddling flesh in the smoke-filled marts of baseball. But any scanner of the news could tell at a glance that the old and respectable game of lawn tennis was still a lively sport as full of unpredictable leaps and bounds as any.

Out in Australia the Aussies' eminent doubles player Mervyn Rose failed to get his suspension lifted in time to play on the Davis Cup team (he was set down because he could not give satisfactory breakdowns of some foreign-tournament expense accounts). Thereupon, the angry Mervyn began to quiver like the ghost of Hamlet's father, threatening that he could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up the souls, if any, of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association—and result in the suspension of more Australian players—because “if I’m guilty, some others are too.” But the threatened exposé never came, the moment of ghostly chill passed and Mervyn Rose jumped into the arms of Promoter Jack Kramer. Rose will start playing for Kramer’s cash in January.

Meanwhile, nobody was more on the jump than Kramer himself. He arrived in Australia wearing two sets

of sneakers: 1) to run the tour of his own pros and 2) to help the U.S. Davis Cup captain, Perry Jones, drill the American amateurs for the cup rounds. On the amateur side of the net Kramer had the American squad leaping up and down in a physical fitness program to match the kangaroo training tactics of Australia’s Harry Hopman (see photos above). On the professional side Kramer got



LEAPING from side to side, Aussie Mervyn Rose added fuel to pro-amateur fire.

into a crackling backhand exchange with the powers that rule Australian amateur tennis and wound up with his troupe banned from the grandstand clubs of the Australian Association.

Would this whole episode embarrass Perry Jones in his cup dealings with the Australians? Kramer feared it might and offered to resign. Jones would have none of it. “Kramer,” he said, clarifying his own role considerably, “is an essential part of my plan to win back the cup. After all, I’m an administrator, not a coach.”

Kramer’s question, which involves the propriety of his combining a professional role with an amateur one, is still a good one. But what really fascinates us is the historical complexity of Jack’s present role as Davis Cup coach. After all, if he hadn’t turned pro himself and later seduced Pancho Gonzales into the pro ranks the U.S. would have held the Davis Cup without a break for the last 12 years—though the conclusion is ever so slightly clouded by the fact that Lew Head and Ken Rosewall might have given our Gonzales & Co. a real run for it last year if Kramer hadn’t signed up those fellows too.

Maybe Jack Kramer is such a central figure in the cup picture that he just *has* to be there, pro or not. Wonder what he’ll do next.

END

# HANDSOME JOHANSSON PAYS A SECRET VISIT



**FIGHTING GOOD LOOKS** of the European champion should make him most attractive foreign heavyweight since France's Georges Carpentier in the '20s.

**His unheralded journey from Sweden to New York should lead to a fight with Floyd Patterson**

**T**HE MOST ruggedly handsome face to arrive in the United States last week was the one surmounting the tab collar at right. It belongs to Ingemar Johansson, the dashing European heavyweight champion and the incontrovertible No. 1 challenger to Floyd Patterson's title, an eminence Johansson achieved by knocking out Eddie Machen in one round at Gothenburg, Sweden last September.

Johansson's journey from Sweden to New York was kept an elaborate secret from the press, and his movements on arrival were also carefully cloaked. Actually, he was hustled up to a rural retreat in the lower Hudson Valley. There he spent last weekend cloistered with Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, a man with a fine old habit of keeping his own counsel and a fine old flair for Renaissance-type security.

Also at the weekend gathering were Edwin Ahlquist, Johansson's adviser who, in the spirit of the script, arrived in New York on a different flight from Johansson's, and Einar Thulin, a New York correspondent for a Swedish newspaper who is D'Amato's confidant and aide in Swedish relations.

The purpose of their meeting was to hold "preliminary talks" for a Patterson-Johansson fight somewhere in the U.S. this spring—a fight which could easily gross a million, even two million dollars, a fight which promises to rouse the heavyweight division from its moribund condition.

Johansson is an ideal rouer. He is handsome to a fare-thee-well and certainly the most attractive imported prizefighter since Georges Carpentier. He whizzes about the Swedish countryside in a racy sports car, plays passable golf, flies and has a quiet enthusiasm for modern poetry. All this, too, sounds a little like Carpentier (The Orchid Man was his tag in the Golden Twenties). But Ingemar, a full-fledged heavyweight, can hit harder than Georges ever could.

—GILBERT ROGIN







RED AND MARY pose happily with their three young daughters in family portrait taken a year ago. Recently the Schoendiensts had their first son.



IN 1946 World Series, Red was No. 2 of St. Louis, here completing double play over Boston's John Pesky.

## A GOOD MAN GETS BAD NEWS

**Tuberculosis has perhaps ended the playing days of**

**Red Schoendienst, Milwaukee's great second baseman**

WHEN a man gets tuberculosis, he must stop whatever he is doing for a living—carrying mail, selling insurance or, as in the case of Red Schoendienst, playing baseball—and he must go to bed. He must remain in bed for many months, the exact length of time depending on the individual and the degree of infection. He can read a book, watch TV and talk with his wife. He can even leave his bed to go to the bathroom or to take a short stroll. But he cannot play baseball. After the disease has been arrested, the patient is free to resume a more normal life, but any strenuous activity on a regular schedule can be dangerous.

So it is that Red Schoendienst, the brilliant second baseman of the Milwaukee Braves, may have played his last game of baseball.

All last summer, as his team was winning its second consecutive pennant, Red suffered from a variety of respiratory ailments which forced

him from the lineup. Toward the end of the season he complained of aches in his chest. On September 22, nine days before the start of the World Series, he had a chest X-ray taken. It proved negative. Schoendienst played in all seven games of the Series and showed millions of fans the finest second-base play they had ever seen. His hitting, too, was magnificent as time and again he stroked pitches to the opposite field for singles and doubles. In a losing cause, he was superb.

In late October, Schoendienst had another X-ray taken in St. Louis, his home. This one showed a definite change. Dr. Raymond T. Martin thought it was tuberculosis. After two positive tests, Schoendienst was admitted to Mount St. Rose Hospital in St. Louis. There he will stay for at least four months.

"The infection is in his right lung," said Dr. Martin last week. "By the response Red has made so far to treatment, we are very optimistic about

his recovery. We feel—well, just judging by average, that is, if you had the same thing—we'd estimate you wouldn't return to a normal active life within a year, probably at least a year. But individuals differ.

"There is nothing else wrong with Red. That newscast that came out about his nervousness was an unfortunate quote by someone at the hospital who was just groping for an excuse not to let a phone call go through. Red is not nervous; he is optimistic and a good patient. He's taking it all very well."

Red grew on fans with the years. He didn't have the flamboyance of Ted Williams; he didn't overwhelm you with his physical prowess, like Mickey Mantle; nor was he a record breaker like his friend Stan Musial. Frail and laconic, he was nevertheless an exciting field leader who will be badly missed by his club next year. As for the fans to whom he has given so much enjoyment, any time a Schoendienst is out of the lineup of their game they are very much the poorer—and well they know it.

—WALTER BINGHAM



**MILWAUKEE HERO** In 1957, he was still same old Red with familiar habit of removing glove between pitches.



**A DOZEN YEARS** had passed since Schoendienst vaulted Pesky, but there he was, agile as ever, making a diving putout in 1958 World Series.



**THE AGES AND PAINS** of a second baseman are numerous and, nearing 35, Schoendienst was slower responding to treatment.

Throughout his career, the comparative frailty of his body was never commensurate with the amount of energy he put forth.



WONDERFUL  
WORLD  
OF SPORT

## SEVEN FACES OF TONY ROCCA

**A**NTONIO ROCCA, professional wrestler (and one of the highest paid athletes of our time: \$150,000 last year), is a man who has parlayed face and feet into one of the fattest bankrolls in the history of sport. The face, as may be seen on these pages, is a superb instrument for communication of the complex emotions (fear, pain, surprise) that beset wrestlers, and the feet when banged into the head of an upright opponent produce the Rocca "drop-kick" that moves the wrestling crowd to frenzy. At last count Rocca was drawing more fans than an average Ivy League football game (20,000 are customary at Madison Square Garden), and the bankroll was never bigger. In this attempt to explain himself and his sport (he feels both are somewhat misunderstood) Rocca emerges as a man of considerable wit and pith. He begins (left) by summarizing the famous Garden bout last winter when an opponent actually drew blood and sent Rocca fans storming into the ring.

*Photographed by Kim Menze*

### 4 ON THE FAMOUS FRAGAS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

*"The guy, down it, hit me and made me mad, as I smashed his head into the post."*



#### ON HIS POPULARITY

*"It's the style. I never keep still in the ring. Rhythm is the base of life. I have rhythm when I wrestle, a new symphony of movement."*

#### ON WRESTLING FANS

*"They come to forget the wife at home or the fight with the girl friend, and express themselves by yelling to forget the troubles of the week."*



#### ON BOXERS AS WRESTLERS

*"They think it's easy, and they try it for a week and collapse. We get a hell of a thumping-around three days a week, ride on planes and brains the other four. A wrestler, gentlemen, is a tough specimen."*



#### ON AMATEUR VS. PRO WRESTLERS

*"Hood was good, Gonsales crashed him to pieces."*



#### ON THE HONESTY OF THE SPORT

*"You shouldn't condemn individuals. You've got different wrestlers."*



#### ON THE GOOD LIFE

*"A new suit, a fine bed, a sip of cognac when it's cold."*

## LOOK WHO'S FISHING

**M**EN didn't stand a chance last week at Florida's Sailfish Center in Palm Beach Shores. There were women everywhere—on the docks, in the boats and on the seas. They had gathered from all over the country to prove that, when it comes to billfishing, gentlemen beware! The occasion was the fourth annual sailfish tournament of the International Women's Fishing Association. Braving rough water and skittish weather, the ladies caught and released 22 sailfish during the two-day event. Top honors went to Mrs. Bev Smith of West Palm Beach for a total catch of four sails. Back on the docks, a cheering section of hopeful husbands, barred from the activities, waited for their wives' return and wondered if it had not indeed become a woman's world.

*Photographs by Flip Schafer*

**HOPEFUL HUSBAND** Hayne Ellis Jr. of Fort Lauderdale gives wife a kiss for good luck.



**RELAXED ANGLER** Mrs. LaMont Albertson of West Palm Beach, one of the tournament officials, fishes from the committee boat *Euporie VIII*, owned by Lou Maroon.



**EXPERIENCED** fisherwoman Jeanette Cross, Greenwich, Conn., readies tackle.



**TRIUMPHANT** after each catching a sailfish, Rose Starnes and Helen Webb carry gear home.



**DEJECTED** Mrs. Frank M. Yeager (left) shows catch to Mrs. Albertson.

**EXCITED** at start of tournament, Mrs. William L. Pitts III of Vero Beach waits for her boat.



**EMBROILED** Mrs. E. Hampton Bryson of Miami (above) struggles to reel in a sailfish which had ensnared itself in another line and had to be disqualified.

SKI PREVIEW

# HIGH, WHITE AND WONDERFUL

**The fun at Sun Valley, the country's luxury ski resort, is the fun that attracts millions to skiing every season, but here it's really done with a difference**

by MORT LUND

Photograph by Jaern Gerdis

SUN VALLEY, the most fabled and still the most wonderfully different ski resort in the United States, lies in a sparkling mountain snow bowl about 64 miles north of a Union Pacific depot in Shoshone, Idaho. It is the only ski resort in the country generally familiar to people who 1) have never seen snow, and 2) have seen snow but don't like it.

This is because Sun Valley was conceived in an almost playful public relations mood by the Union Pa-

cific Railroad, and as a result has been continuously and successfully impressed on the public mind.

It has been on exhibition ever since its first season back in 1937, when Claudette Colbert brought a movie company here for the Swiss sequence of *She Met Him in Paris*. Then Sonja Henie made *Sun Valley Serenade* in 1940, and she was followed by others like Joan Crawford (*A Woman's Face*, 1941), Van Johnson and Esther Williams (*The Duchess*

*of Idaho*, 1950), Stewart Granger and Cyd Charisse (*The Wild North*, 1952), Jane Powell (*Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, 1954), Marilyn Monroe (*Bus Stop*, 1956). In all, it has been the location for 19 film epics. And in keeping with the new era, last winter DeSilu Productions with Lucille Ball brought the valley to TV.

In the 21 years between Colbert and Ball, only a very few newspaper-reading American adults escaped exposure to one of the 10,000 printed



HEADING DOWN FROM TOP OF MOUNTAIN INTO SUN VALLEY.





SUPREME SKIERS OF SUN VALLEY PATROL PEEL OFF AT 9,000 FEET WITH JAGGED BEAUTY OF SAWTOOTH RANGE IN BACKGROUND

pictures and stories on Sun Valley, dutifully recording the arrival of specially important guests, or another 12 inches of new snow, or a bevy of girl skiers who were caught in their bathing suits, fortunately, relaxing beside a Sun Valley swimming pool.

The image thus created has its fascinations and is certainly an asset to the establishment. It is definitely part of that which makes Sun Valley different. However, from a skier's point of view there are things more

exciting, believe it or not, than the prospect of meeting Lucille Ball in stretch pants. For instance, a skier is more excited to learn that the wall of skiable mountain at Sun Valley rises 3,000 vertical feet over the floor of the valley; that several mountains have been bulldozed smooth and planted with grass seed to make a flat undercarpet for the 50 miles of trail running down into the valley, and that there are four miles of lifts running back up—in other words,

that Sun Valley is a good place to ski.

He would be equally pleased by the little resort village itself spotted on the valley floor. Here Sun Valley is different: from ski lift to soda fountain, it's all in the company. The skier needs nothing but his room number as credit in a ski empire that includes Sun Valley Lodge holding 288 skiers, Challenger Inn holding 370, five Swiss chalets holding 248, a line of stores, a movie theater, two

continued

steam-heated swimming pools, an ice rink, a bowling alley, a nightclub, a dance bistro, a beer hall and the busiest night life north of Denver. In other words, Sun Valley, in its different and delightful way, is a good place for after-ski too.

All this goes right back to an Austrian fellow named Count Felix Schaffgotsch and the days of the valley's founding. Count Felix was a scion of an old Austrian family, an avid skier and, around 1934, clerk in the firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman in New York. When Averell Harriman, a partner who was also an avid skier, left the firm for the presidency of Union Pacific, he got the count to undertake a search to find the perfect ski area, somewhere along the Union Pacific tracks. The count went 5,000 miles more or less, scanning mountains from UP coach windows. He finally settled on an unnamed dent in the Sawtooth section of the northwest Rockies, which had been known principally for its sheep-grazing land. The only inhabited place there was Ketchum, a sheep-shipping town.

As a beginning Harriman hired what he considered the world's finest public relations man, Steve Hannagan, the man who created Miami Beach "starting with a sand dune," as he put it. Hannagan went up to the valley immediately. He later described his trip as follows: "We went up there in a hand car. Then we got on a sled. After that we had to walk. All I had on was a light tweed suit. We got there and looked around and all I could see was just a lousy field of snow. It was colder than hell."

Hannagan was never one to let an impression interfere with a good phrase, however. "I always believed in a good name," said Hannagan. "We had a lot of trouble that way

with Miami Beach, being so near Miami. I always said if I ever started another town down there I would call it Sunshine, Florida." Hannagan called this place Sun Valley.

Ground was broken in June 1936. By Christmastime Harriman had put in Sun Valley Lodge, the attached swimming pool, and some lifts—an investment of \$1 million. For the grand Christmas Day opening, Hannagan got Claudette Colbert, Tommy Hitchcock, Robert Young and Sam Goldwyn. The only thing Hannagan couldn't bring in was snow. Unhappily, on the eve of December 24, with newsmen waiting on every hand, the ground was bare.

#### HEAVEN WAS KIND

If Hannagan ever prayed, he did then. And Heaven was kind. The season's first flakes came in early that night. Hannagan spent the rest of the night at the window with a bucket of champagne at his side, celebrating quietly as the valley filled up.

Thus saved, Hannagan thereafter left as little as possible to Providence. He had built Miami Beach on the well-filled bathing suit and intended to do the same here. The luxurious hot-water pool was strictly Hannagan's idea, and before long the models, starlets and pretty girls who swim there appeared in publications throughout the land.

The lodge that had been built was of concrete dyed a beige color and roughed to look like timber, and the architect, G. Stanley Underwood, did it in a subdued Hansel-and-Gretel style—balconies and that sort of thing. The guests loved it. The lodge was packed from Christmas through March that first year. Robert Pabst of the beer family was there, and Julius Fleischmann of yeast, among others. LIFE sent out the famous photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt right away. His pictures subsequently

showed J. M. Studebaker manfully struggling with the newfangled sport, and his wife skiing rather better. They showed Lydia du Pont brooding over some brussels and Mrs. Margaret Emerson McKim Vanderbilt Baker Amory smoking a cigaret. They also showed Gloria Baker, heiress to \$10 million, resting her head pertly on the lap of Ski Instructor Hans Hauser. Shortly thereafter Miss Baker was yanked home. In the early years Ernest Hemingway came with his wife, stayed to finish up *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and left the only corrected copy of the manuscript in existence with his friend Taylor Williams, his hunting guide.

By 1941 Harriman had \$6 million in the place. Sun Valley grew in reputation and luxury. At the height of its palmy prewar days, a greenhouse was installed for the sole purpose of supplying fresh bouquets to guests; three men were kept on the payroll to design and maintain fancy ice sculpture on the grounds; three full sized teams of purebred Huskies were kenneled in the village for the use of guests who would rather sit than ski. At one time the whole operation was running roughly three-quarters of a million in the red annually. Union Pacific happily wrote this sum off to public relations.

Then in December 1941 the U.S. declared war on Japan. Head Instructor Hans Hauser and other Austrians on the staff were hauled off to the Salt Lake City pokey as enemy aliens. (One of Hauser's men, Friedl Pfeifer, went on from detention to serve with distinction in the U.S. mountain troops, later founded Sun Valley's big rival ski area, Aspen.) The Navy took over the grounds as a naval hospital, and the hills were soon populated by pharmacists' mates.

Some of the old guard clung on, however. A group that included

continued

#### STEADY SKIERS AT SUN VALLEY



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INGRID BERGMAN



ERNEST HEMINGWAY



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Hemingway, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Ingrid Bergman and some friends rented a row of cottages in Ketchum, took over a lift at Raud Mountain and threw some fine parties. Hemingway, it is said, still had a good supply of Spanish wineskins and was apt as not to pot someone with a stream of vintage red before the night was over.

The war finally ended, and the valley was returned to Union Pacific. Hans Hauser and other employees eventually came back and life shifted again into high gear. Shortly after the war a real splash spender named Virginia Hill descended on the valley with a girl companion and a maid, bought a thousand dollars' worth of clothes and skis the first day and set up running parties at the bars. She paid in \$100 bills and left the change. She hired Hans Hauser by the week. Even the most enthusiastic disciples of the gay life breathed weary sighs of relief when Virginia departed with Hans—still hired—for Aspen. Today an acquaintance or two at Sun Valley occasionally gets a postcard from Switzerland, where Virginia, after a sensational appearance before the Senate rackets committee disclosing her relationship with the biggest shots of the underworld, settled with Hans when she was asked to leave the country.

Then came the big change. In 1949 Arthur Stoddard became president of Union Pacific, Harriman having headed for politics. One of Stoddard's first memorandums concerned the deficit at Sun Valley. Shortly thereafter the ice sculpture went, the teams of Huskies munched northward and an earnest attempt was made to put the valley on a self-sustaining basis. The management tried, successfully, to interest the average skier in the valley's fine skiing. They emphasized the bargain Learn to Ski Week and the \$3 per night chalet dormitory accommodations. This emphasis still exists today. Of course, guests who want comfort first still stay at the lodge, with its 144 rooms, superb restaurant, cocktail and TV room, tea lounge, barber shop, beauty parlor (always well filled), high-fashion clothing shop (dresses up to \$250) and art gallery (Picasso prints for the price of a couple of weeks' stay). The cost of living at Sun Valley Lodge runs \$18 to \$30 a day for twin beds and shower, plus half that again for food



**SPACIOUS SKI SLOPES** at Sun Valley include Dollar Mountain, beginners' area with Dollar chair lifts (A) and (B) serving Backway (1), Face Run (2) and Old Bowl (3). On Baldy Mountain, chair lift (C) and (D) lead to chair (F) and double chair (G) which go to summit. Here skiers

can run the bowls (11) to Broadway lift (E) or down intermediates' Collage (9), Ridge (10), Canyon (7) and Holiday (8), plus expert Exhibition (6). Expert Olympic (5) and easy River (4) are runouts. Town of Ketchum (H) lies on road (K) to Sun Valley village (1) and Lodge (J).

from a kitchen that measures up to the best New York or San Francisco standards.

On the other hand, groups like the Detroit Ski Club, in for the week, usually stay in the chalets and the Challenger Inn, and cut expenses by taking the Learn to Ski Week which gives them seven days' lift tickets, six days' instruction, and room in one package, for \$65 to \$102. This points up the fact that nowadays, once he gets there, the Sun Valley guest can stay for prices comparable to those at any ski area.

For the price of his bed and board, the Sun Valley skier has the run of the village, containing a post office (Sun Valley has its own postmarks), a gift shop, photo store, the Challenger Inn, the Ram Bar and Pete Lane's ski store. Lane goes south in Idaho every March to take part in the sheep-shearing (still big business in Idaho) that supplies wool that returns to his shop via Seattle as his best line of ski sweaters.

Then there is a hospital where John Moritz, the head M.D., is so good at setting legs that they send a couple of graduate doctors out from Peter Bent Brigham hospital in Boston just to watch every year. And there are the pools, both enormously soothing places to be after a day's sliding.

To top it all off, Sun Valley's hills have all kinds of skiing: from dizzy to gentle. Beginners have the wonderfully smooth mammoth ice-cream scoop known as Dollar Mountain. This pocket-size mountain, a half mile east of the village, has two chair lifts, Dollar and Half Dollar (Sun Valley has nothing but chair lifts), and is a perfect ski kindergarten.

The other Sun Valley mountain is Baldy, 2.1 miles on the other side of the village (through Ketchum by bus) and six times as high as Dollar. The runs under the lifts have some of the longest continually steep skiing in the country. North of the lift is Collage Run, fairly gentle in

continued

comparison and emptying into River trail, the runout at the bottom of the mountain. Off to the south, almost as far as the eye can see, smooth open fields run down from the ridge back of Baldy's peak. These are the famous bowl runs. With a little powder on them, they are an intermediate's heaven.

However, Baldy's lift runs—Ridge, Canyon and Exhibition—are the places where the skier who feels his oats can learn about the round and plentiful mounds called moguls. They build up gradually, piled up inside the arc of the sharp, linked control turns made by successive skiers following in each other's tracks down the steep terrain. A good mogul can run three to four feet high from track to crest. Unless you ski sharply and well, the sensation becomes something like being dropped off a cliff and then hit under the boots with a power ram. If you start doing much of this, it means you're tired and it's time to take the bus back to the lodge.

A word ought to be said here on the bus system, which sounds annoying but isn't. The buses run every five to seven minutes between the village and the mountains. The wait is never burdensome, and the ride is a nice way to meet people.

Another nice way to meet people is in the Sigi Engl Ski School. Out of 700 people likely to be staying at the valley, 500 are in class every day. Sigi Engl's ski instructors are men with souls of brooding patience. They start at the beginning of the week explaining how to put your socks into your boots without wrinkling them into painful ridges and go on from there. On Dollar every day are the most attentive groups of skiers in the world. The classes are lined up in single squads, dispersed on the hill for maneuvers. At a word from the instructor, each squad goes down in formation: one turn, two turns, stop. And again. And again. Sun Valley instructors are not martinetts nor are the Sun Valley skiers robots; it's just that everyone wants very much to graduate to Baldy. The distinction between a Dollar skier and a Baldy skier is almost a social one.

The system used by the Engl school can be described as modified rotation. The upper body moves in the direction of the turn (not in the opposite direction, as in the Austrian

shortswing). However, the elbows and hands are kept fairly even with the body until the time comes to bring the pole ahead for the next turn. There is none of the arm swing of the extreme rotation school. On easy slopes there is considerable unweighting, but on Baldy's steeper runs this is eliminated and all that is left is a simple sinking movement, coupled with a very pronounced lean toward the inside of the turn with the whole body (instead of upper body leaning out, as in shortswing), while the knees are pressed sharply toward the slope. Expertly done, it looks like an optical illusion. One minute the skier is going left and the next right and you swear he didn't move—around the valley they call it The Mystery Turn.

Once you have conquered the mystery, however, there are instructors ready to show you deep powder turns, high speed running and, yes, the Austrian shortswing.

After-ski at Sun Valley is most relaxed and at the same time most organized. Sun Valley's guests typically follow the casual European tradition during their stay. This means getting off the skis early enough in the afternoon for a swim in a pool, a round of tea at the lodge and/or a drink at one of the bars. You then have plenty of time to change to lighter clothes for dinner.

#### TRIOS, DANCES, NORMA SHEARER

On any given night there are three trios and an orchestra in the valley. The orchestra plays at the dinner dance in the lodge. If you still haven't seen a movie star, go there and you'll probably see Norma Shearer—still with the figure that used to photograph so well in the movies of the '30s—dancing with her husband, Martin Arrouge. (Arrouge was Norma's ski instructor. They were married here in 1945 and have been coming back ever since.) Dinner done with, the skier can move into the Duchin Room bar or go out on the village.

The Ram, Challenger Inn's drinking room, has the New York nightclub feeling, with one of the trios doing nothing to dispel it. Another trio will be playing at Holiday Hut, where likely as not the Detroit Ski Club and the Sun Valley employees are dancing polkas and fraternizing on masse over beer. Back at the lodge, there is an evening dance, strictly suit and tie, with the orchestra. Additionally, there are movies

and bowling plus sleigh rides to Trail Creek cabin for steak and dancing to the third and last trio. And if you're lucky enough to fall in with any of Sun Valley's permanent residents like Dr. and Mrs. George Saviers (see cover), there is a lively social life all the way from Ketchum to the village.

In spite of the new doceness, Sun Valley still has its wonderful differences. Hemingway came back to write another book this fall. Management still sends fresh bouquets to guests on its special list. And even the fun-loving gesture on a grand scale is by no means out. Last winter, for instance, a Sun Valley regular named Jim Harrison decided in advance of the season to have a joke on Sigi Engl. Harrison bought five sleds up north for \$30 apiece, had them shipped to his home in Florida and engraved with Engl's familiar signature as if in endorsement of the product. (Note to nonskiing readers: skiers feel about sleds the way elephants do about mice.) Harrison had one of the sleds hung in Pete Lane's shop and the others dragged out to the instruction slopes by various girls who claimed to have bought them under a guarantee that Engl would supply them a hill and an instructor.

It was a gesture which pretty well typifies Sun Valley today—a place where high-class high jinks are occasionally still indulged in, but which basically is friendly to all, from habitué to the newly arrived. Everyone says hello. No one, not even the help, is rude to the guests. In fact, it would be hard to find a place where people seem more pleased with their jobs. Most of the 700 who work at the valley (ratio of guests to employees is about one to one) are under 25, and were picked from a waiting list of 2,000 applicants. Some, like Assistant Lodge Manager Lou Stur (who was halfway to a Ph.D. when he arrived) intended to spend only a season, but have stayed on and on, "caught in the velvet glove," as one employee put it.

The hand in the velvet glove is still Union Pacific. Management is expected to break even, and that is all. A sizable profit one year presages a profit-swallower, say a new lift, next year. A good time-study expert probably would have a heavenly time cutting the fat off Sun Valley on a cost basis, but Sun Valley is not run quite like that. UP is Big Daddy. And this comfortable feeling is one the place transmits to its guests.



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Drawings by Don Moss



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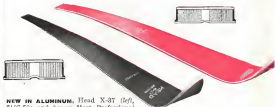
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# THE REALM OF HONEST ABE

**In the land of the Alamo and the upset, Coach Abe Martin and his Texas Christian Horned Frogs again won the title**

by ROY TERRELL

**I**N an ancient office at the southeast corner of Texas Christian University's Amon Carter Stadium, his feet comfortably propped on a battered old desk and cigar ashes spilling to the floor, sits a leathery-faced man wearing a blue checked suit coat, gray trousers, gray shirt, red tie, a floppy brown hat and a snaggle-toothed grin. His name is Othol Martin, although they call him Abe, and the reason he grins is that his football team, for the second time in four years, has just won the championship of the Southwest Conference.

The game that clinched it for them last Saturday afternoon on a beautiful, summery day in the vast Rice Stadium at Houston was typical of all the other seven they have won this year. Down 7-0 at the end of the first quarter, they evened the score when Halfback Marvin Lasater plucked a Rice fumble out of the air and raced untouched 58 yards to the goal. Feeling perhaps that this display had been a little too flowery, they scored again before half time, going 50 jolting yards in 13 plays. The longest rushing gain in the drive was six yards, but Jack Spikes, the tough fullback, and the two halfbacks, Lasater and Marshall Harris, kept plugging away and Hunter Enis, the quarterback, mixed in several passes when things threatened to bog down.

Rice kicked a field goal with 6½ minutes left in the game, a bit of strategy on Coach Jess Neely's part that TCU still hasn't figured out. Anyway, it wasn't TCU's problem, so the Horned Frogs went down to score again, Larry Dawson, a quarterback of the second unit, doing most of the work this time. TCU won 21-10 and on January 1 will go to the Cotton Bowl once again to uphold the glory of the Southwest.

The football kingdom which Abe Martin now rules is a large one, covering most of the state of Texas and dipping, at one point, into Arkansas. The eight colleges of the Southwest Athletic Conference (actually, where football competition is concerned, there are at the moment only seven, since Texas Tech, the newest member, does not become eligible for championship play until 1960) extend from Houston, down on the Gulf Coast, all the way to Lubbock out in west Texas, a distance of some 500 miles. In certain sections of the nation some confusion usually exists as to who is exactly who in that cor-

ner of the academic and athletic world, and when names like Texas Christian and Southern Methodist and Texas A&M and Rice and Baylor come popping out of the headlines on Sunday mornings in other parts of the country, there is a tendency to shrug and say, oh, well, who cares. Since they will be reading about the Christians from now until the Cotton Bowl on January 1, however, it might be helpful to explain to readers that these are not a legion of bearded martyrs in flowing white robes marching off down the Fort Worth-Dallas Turnpike on their way to the lion pits, but the members of the TCU football team. In fact, it might be helpful to explain briefly what all the names mean and what the Southwest Conference is.

Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas (Texas A&M): located in College Station, near Bryan. Enrollment is



**MIDWINTER PAUSE** comes for TCU's Marvin Lasater, a junior from San Angelo, Texas, as he stops in front of chapel to chat with Classmate Gail Bowden from Weatherford.

7,000. Team name Aggies (or Farmers). Only all-male student body in conference and also quite a bit the noisiest. Once an all-military school (ROTC). Now has some 4,000 in cadet corps, who march over one of dustiest parade grounds in the world. Texas A&M prides itself on the spirit of the student body and on its agricultural and engineering curricula.

**Baylor University:** located in Waco. Enrollment 5,000. Team name Bears (or Bruins or Baptists). Largest Baptist college in the country, turns out many men of the cloth, also liberal arts graduates. Not the most attractive physical plant in the conference. Visitor once hit on head for smoking on the campus. Smoking now allowed, although not exactly approved.

**Rice Institute:** located in Houston. Enrollment 1,600. Team name Owls. By far the smallest, most exclusive student body in conference, with perhaps the largest, most beautiful modern physical plant. Old, rich in tradition. Most Ivy League of Southwest universities, featuring five residential colleges and a nationally respected academic program, with particular emphasis on science and engineering. Big, new Rice Stadium is most beautiful football arena in the nation.

**Southern Methodist University (SMU):** located in Dallas. Enrollment 6,000. Team name Mustangs (or Ponies or Methodists). Like the city, the school is the style-setter for the area, is noted for its well-dressed, lovely coeds. Lots of fraternity, sorority activity. Planned, ordered campus and buildings. Basically a liberal arts curriculum. Despite denominational tag, does not emphasize religious instruction.

**Texas Christian University (TCU):** located in Fort Worth. Enrollment 6,000. Team name Horned Frogs (or Christians). Most friendly, homey campus of any in the conference. Dress is very casual, tending toward Western. Growing fast but school still retains intimate, small-college atmosphere. Very plain yellow-brick buildings with red-tile roofs are functional rather than attractive, form a compact unit in a rather large campus area. Little emphasis on religious instruction; mostly liberal arts.

**University of Texas:** located in Austin, the state capital. Enrollment 17,000. Team name Longhorns (or Steers). The state university and one of the nation's largest. Vast wealth from oil lands. Good educational facilities available in almost any course of



**SATURDAY ACTION** finds TCU Halfback Marvin Luster (23) set to grab Rice fumble in mid-air just before racing 38 yards for tying touchdown at start of second period.

study. Working hard to build up to high national academic ranking after some lean years. Campus architecture is a hodgepodge of various periods, and there is more grass in Times Square than on the Forty Acres, since school is unable to expand geographically and all available space is taken up. Strong social life.

**Texas Technological College (Tech):** located in Lubbock. Enrollment 9,000. Team name Red Raiders. Finally gained conference admission in 1956 after years of trying. Big and growing and dusty, most westerly of SWC schools. Good engineering courses, excellent in geology.

**University of Arkansas:** located in Fayetteville. Enrollment 6,000. Team name Razorbacks (or Porkers). One of Southwest Conference charter members, has consistently resisted invitation from Texas schools to leave. Frequently a conference have-not athletically, it now appears to be coming back fast. Situated on a ridge in the Ozarks, it ranks among most attractive of SWC schools, is the state university, only major college in Arkansas. Features liberal arts academic program.

Annually the teams representing these schools produce a brand of football competition that has been called the most exciting in the country—

and also the screwiest. While developing hordes of great football players, as the professional rosters will attest, the conference only occasionally comes up with a truly great team. It is just too well balanced. For the past 25 years the conference football writers have been conducting a pressman poll to pick the SWC champion. In 20 of those years they have missed completely and, even worse, in two of the last four years the team which was picked to win has finished last. Whether this has more to do with the quality of football played in Texas or the quality of football forecasting is a relatively minor point. At least it indicates that things can get a bit confused where Southwest football is concerned.

Over a five-year period, from 1953 through 1957, only two games separated the team with the best conference record from the team with the worst. In that same period of time, Ohio State was winning 28 Big Ten games against only five losses while Indiana was winning five and losing 25. In the Southeastern Conference Mississippi was 23-5 compared to Tulane's 8-24, and on the Pacific Coast UCLA had a 28-5 record while California was only 10-21 in conference competition.

*continued*



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### GOURMET FOODS

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**PASSAGE TO PASADENA** was reward for this tackle by University of California Halfback Jack Hart, obscured behind falling Stanford Halfback Skip Face (16). Play came in final minute of 61st annual "Big Game" between Stanford and Cal following a Stanford touchdown that left Indians trailing 15-16. A two-point Stanford conversion could have knocked Cal out of Rose Bowl assignment. But Hart, aided by Tackle Jim Green (67) and Center Andy Segale (50) stopped Face a yard short of goal. In background is Stanford Quarterback Dick Norman (13), who threw touchdown pass.

#### HONEST ABE no fusspots

"There are at least two good reasons for this," says Jess Neely, the courtly Southerner who came to Rice in 1940 and has stayed around to become the conference's dean among coaches. "No one school has ever established recruiting domination down here because it is simply impossible. There are enough good football players to go around. In addition to that, these kids all know about each other. They have lived in this state for years, played against and with each other in high school, sometimes played together as far back as junior high. So when they read in the newspapers that this boy or that boy is so great, they don't believe it at all. They know exactly how good he is. So they go out there and stop him."

"Kids in Texas," says Neely, who does not agree with all he reads in the papers either, "are not impressed by each other's press clippings."

As for the old story that the Southwest Conference is college football's most razzle-dazzle league, that is hardly true any longer. As a matter of fact, it never really was. The reputation grew from the more or less revolutionary tactics of two men, Ray Morrison at SMU and Dutch Meyer at TCU, back in the '20s and '30s. Morrison liked wide-open football and played it that way. Meyer, the first great exponent of the spread formation, was actually taking max-

imum advantage of his material, which included a couple of passers named Sammy Baugh and Davey O'Brien. In the same general period there were also coaches named Francis Schmidt and Dana Bible and Homer Norton who would rather run over you any day than go around you. Today it is much the same. At SMU the Mustangs throw a lot of passes because they have a boy named Don Meredith, and at A&M they throw because of Charlie Milstead and at Baylor because of Buddy Humphrey. At Rice and Texas and Arkansas, where the line blocking is better than the passing, they prefer to run. These schools have not thrown nearly as many passes this year as Iowa or Army or Syracuse. At TCU they do a little of both.

"Basically," says Abe Martin, "college football all over the country is the same. We all exchange films and go to the same conventions and the same clinics. We also play by the same rules."

"Now, Dutch liked to pass," says Abe, nodding in the direction of the TCU athletic director's office, where Meyer sits with his feet propped up on another old hattered desk, dressed in what appears to be the other half of Martin's two suits. "He used the spread and I played under Dutch here and coached under him. But when he retired in 1953 and I took the coaching job, I put in a pro-type T offense. Now we are using the straight T, more

or loss, with lots of the belly aches.

"I'm primarily a running football coach, I guess. You've got to run to make your passing go. But I don't think you can have an outstanding team unless you can move the ball passing, too. So we pass. I guess the thing we strive for is balance. This year we've been pretty fortunate in having it."

TCU may look like a dull team—in fact, let's admit it, it is dull—but there is, nevertheless, a rather large group of pretty-fair-to-middlin' ball-players around, as Abe would say. Not one great player, perhaps, although the big tackle, Donald Floyd, ranks among the best in the country. Just a lot of good ones.

There is a big first-team line which has exceptional mobility and can block and tackle like seven demons and a second team which is even bigger and almost as good. The first-team running attack, which features Spikes and Lasater, is hardly spectacular but it usually gets there, and the passing of Enis (eight touchdowns) has been a big help. With Merlin Priddy at fullback and Dawson at quarter, the second backfield unit may have a bit more speed and striking power but it is not quite so dependable, particularly on defense. As two complete units, however, the Horned Frogs have been very tough to beat. Only Iowa has done it.

"Maybe this isn't an exciting team," says Abe, who doesn't really care what they say about his ball club so long as it wins. "Maybe we don't try to be exciting. I just send the kids out there on the field and tell 'em to have fun. 'Just go out there,' I tell 'em, 'and bully-gully around a little with that old ball.'"

The boys who play football for TCU—most of them are sophomores and juniors and will be back in '59—are like the boys who have been playing football at TCU for years. Generally, they come from small towns, and although many of them were terrific high school athletes, they were frequently from so far out in the sticks that their reputations didn't extend very far. It is this which once gave TCU the reputation of getting by with leftovers.

TCU's homey, low-pressure atmosphere extends from the top of the football team to the bottom. Abe's three fine varsity assistants—Walter Roach, Allie White and Vernon Hallbeck—and the freshman coach, Fred

continued



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## HONEST ABE continued

Taylor, are, like Abe, TCU men. They work closely together, usually over coffee and cookies in a highly informal atmosphere, and Martin says the real secret of his success is that he doesn't have to waste any of his time "coaching the coaches."

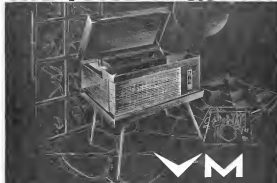
Texas Christian has never fired a coach, and since 1923 it has had only four: Matty Bell (1923-28), Francis Schmidt (1929-33), Dutch Meyer (1934-52) and Abe Martin. Two years ago Abe was awarded faculty tenure by the university, which doesn't hurt the air of relaxation around the place a bit.

Abe Martin has no secretary, no plush carpeting, no gleaming chrome furniture and no ulcers. His coaching staff is the smallest in the land and the man it works for has not changed much since that day in 1927 when he came off a farm up in Jack County to enroll as a 19-year-old freshman at TCU. They gave him a job cutting weeds, but it wasn't long before Abe quit. "If I'd wanted to farm," he says, "I would just have stayed at home." Instead, he began to play football and that's how he got through college.

Abe Martin has been around quite a bit in all the years since, but he is still not a fancy man. Like his football team, Abe is just plain and steady and sound and he gets the job done in a quiet, unspectacular way. Together, Abe Martin and TCU just win football games.

END

## THE VOICE OF MUSIC



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**NO IVY LEAGUE** behavior this, as Dartmouth Halfback John Croutchamel (27) is restrained by teammates Brian Hepburn (45), Bob Boye (69), Al Kruttsch (61) and Bill Gundry (17) from taking a swing at official who called penalty against him for pass interference as Dartmouth was kept busy whipping Princeton 21-12 to take home the Ivy League championship.





## What's happened to the Knicks?

**A last-place team for three straight seasons, New York leads the league. Here's why**

NO ONE laughed when handsome, graying Fuzzy Levane was made head coach of the New York Knickerbockers for this season, but a considerable number of people groaned. These were Fuzzy's friends (and he has lots of 'em) who, never doubting his talent, had hoped he would one day be put in charge of a somewhat more promising team of pros. New York had finished last in its division three years in a row, and the losing habit had apparently sapped all the confidence from a group of players who were among the best shooters in basketball. They seldom played together on offense, and rarely were quick, or even eager, to help each other out on defense.

Well, Fuzzy's friends have stopped groaning. New York is leading the league; they have beaten the division champs, the Boston Celtics, twice in a row; confidence is bursting out all over; and the teamwork is superb. The question, of course, is—what happened?

The answer lies in Levane's personality. Fuzzy radiates warmth and friendliness like an old-fashioned pot-bellied stove. Instead of desperate appeals to pride and impassioned exhortations, which has two predecessors in the job had tried in their vain attempts to inspire the Knicks, he has used a gentle, undemanding encouragement. It is not a calculated effort; Levane is, genuinely, a mild and magnanimous man. The chances are that an artificial approach to smoothing away problems would have failed. But Levane's natural warmth of spirit has thawed the in-

hibiting chill of defeatism. The talent inherent in each player has been released, allowing him to submit his skills to the severest test without fear of excessively harsh reprimand or embarrassment if he occasionally fails. This has been of great benefit to everyone on the squad, particularly to young Charlie Tyra and veteran Carl Braun. Tyra is vastly improved as a shooter, an art for which confidence is an incalculable asset. But the change in Braun has been of even greater significance to the team. Braun has now, firmly and with assurance, taken over the job of floor leader left behind by the great Dick McGuire when he was traded to Detroit. The Knicks look to him for direction the way the Celtics look to Bob Cousy and the Hawks look to Slater Martin.

Fuzzy Levane's contribution has not been solely in the lifting of morale. Realizing the offensive limitations of Tyra and Ray Felix when they play in the pivot, he has built an attack that leaves the middle wide open, using three men outside and two in the corners. Now, when Sears or Nauls drives in, say on simple reverses, there is no rival big man like Bill Russell or Johnny Kerr waiting there to block the shot. This is no great innovation, but it took courage to break away from the established Knick pattern. Levane has also introduced one basic concept that differs from established practice throughout the pro league. It has been axiomatic, on attack, to "move toward the ball." It means, in an oversimplified description, simply this: player A passes the ball to player B and moves toward him, helping to set up a screen or block over which B can shoot.

Fuzzy's attack depends on "moving away from the ball." Again oversimplified, it goes this way: player A passes to player B and moves away



**CRACK SHOT** for nine years, Carl Braun is now the undisputed boss on the court.

from the ball, taking up a position where he can screen or block for player C, who receives the pass from player B. This basic pattern demands perfect timing among three men. Therefore it has not only surprised rival clubs by its novelty, but it has made teamwork obligatory for the Knicks, and thus has served to weld them more firmly together. It has been a big factor in New York's success.

The firing of mild-mannered Coach Andy Phillip, after only 10 games, by trigger-tempered St. Louis Owner Ben Kerner was the result of many things, primarily the inevitable clash of these two wildly different personalities. But there is one especially interesting aspect. Kerner was disturbed by Phillip's insistence that his players refrain from complaining to the referees over doubtful calls, and his refusal to do so himself. But what the league needs, possibly more than anything else, is more coaches like Phillip who insist on such intelligent, sportsmanlike behavior. The referee should be allowed to do his job, and the spectator should be allowed to enjoy the game, without infantile exhibitions of pique by professional athletes. **END**

## Boston's bold Bruins

**When they're bad they're very, very good, but when they're good, they're horrid—that's the hockey philosophy of the Hub**

**I**T HAS BEEN nearly two years since Herbert Warren Wind wrote in these pages that, in the postwar years, "Being a sports-minded resident of the Massachusetts colony has meant existing on a cheerless frontier of frustration. It sends shivers up the spine to think of the depths of despair that might have been reached had there been no Boston Bruins..."

Herb Wind told the story of the Bruins' recovery, under the inspirational leadership of Coach Milt Schmidt, from the terrible season of 1955-56, and of their feisty run at the hockey powerhouses of Montreal and Detroit. Then, as now, Boston had no superstar—no Howe or Richard or Bathgate to break up

a game with a lightning thrust or two—but the team managed to claw its way into the Stanley Cup finals in each of the last two seasons.

This is to report that the Bruins are once again bringing a measure of hope to that cheerless frontier. To be sure, a Bruin fan considering the team last week might have felt like throwing himself into the Charles River. The Bruins had lost six of their last eight games, and three regulars were missing because of injuries. Prospects for the days ahead, however, in view of the team's undeniable abilities as shown in the pre-slump days, were far from disheartening.

In the opening weeks of this peculiar National Hockey League season (Montreal, for example, lost three straight games on home ice, and that's impossible), the big, bad Bruins jolted opponents all over the circuit with their customary roughhouse attack, stayed within a point or two of the Canadiens and even held first place for 24 hours in the second week of November. They did this in spite of the disastrous night of October 18 in Toronto, when both Bronco Horvath, the leading Boston scorer last season, and Doug Mohns, a fine rushing defenseman, suffered broken jaws.

"I predicted at the time," said Milt Schmidt, "that we could get along without them for a few games. But in the long run I knew we would be hurting. Look what's happened. We've won only one of the last eight games and tied one other. During that time we had 34 goals scored against us and scored only 21 ourselves—and we got eight of those in one game."

"When you begin to slump, several things happen. Number one, the defense goes sour. That's because everybody wants to score goals; everybody wants to help out. They try to make the breaks instead of playing good positional hockey and waiting for the

breaks to come. So you get twice as many goals scored against you. Number two, the players begin to have a defeatist attitude. When things are going well there is a lot of noise in the dressing room after a game. Now it's so quiet you can hear a pin drop in there."

Schmidt, who was taking a break from a hectic day to wolf a corned beef and Swiss cheese sandwich while worrying what to do about the latest bad news—the powerful wing Jerry Toppazzini had just received a severe skate cut above the right knee in practice—still managed to work up a smile. "I'm not down by any means," he said. "I've never gone into a game in my life that I didn't think we could win. We'll definitely be heard from."

Although Schmidt, an intensely loyal team man, gave the impression that he could do nicely without a rattle-dazzle star, his colleagues in the front office thought otherwise.

"You need a great hockey player to win a championship," said Walter Brown, president of the Bruins. "We haven't had a bell cow since Schmidty himself [center for Bobby Bauer and Woody Dumart on Boston's famous Kraut Line] stopped playing. There is no use speculating whether we have one coming along on our farm teams. God makes great hockey players. If you're lucky, you get one."

"As for the season, I think Montreal may be a little too strong for the rest of us and Toronto perhaps not strong enough. You can put the other four teams in a bag and shake them up and where they come out is anybody's guess."

Down the hall, General Manager Lynn Patrick was as emphatic about the importance of superstars, and consequently unshaken in his conviction that the starless Bruins must play extra-aggressive hockey to succeed. "I like players to be rough," Patrick has said. "I want them to intimidate the other team if they can."

Well, the Bruins were rough, all right, as they defeated Detroit 2-1 in the Boston Garden last Saturday to end that long losing streak. They were right back in the merry scramble for the first five places in the standings; Horvath and Mohns were due to return within two weeks; and there was absolutely no doubt that the Bruins would be heard from, especially along the boards, where the going is roughest.

END



**FIGHTS** inevitably result from rough Boston style; here it's Bruins vs. Montreal.



Henry Clay about to be checkmated in old San Juan. Photograph by Tom Holloman.

## "I brought home a new chess defense from Puerto Rico —and the good news about dry rum."

"It almost made up for the shellacking I had just taken when I was handed a daiquiri," reports Henry Clay of Shreveport, Louisiana. "And what a daiquiri."

"It was bright. Clear. Brilliant. And it had a dry quality that I will never forget."

"When I got home to Shreveport, I couldn't wait to tell my friends about Puerto Rican rum. We tried it in all sorts of different drinks."

"Rum Sours. Rum and tonic. Rum old

fashioneds. Rum on the rocks. We even invented our own rum drinks. We've found you can't go wrong with the remarkable rums of Puerto Rico."

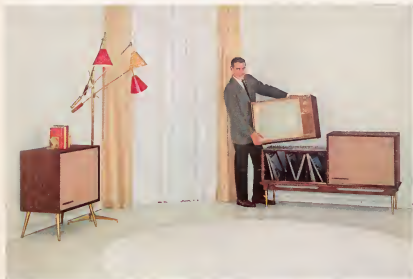
"And my chess defense has paid off, too."

**Daiquiri Recipe:** 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum — juice ½ lime or 1 lemon — ¾ tsp. sugar. Shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass or serve on the rocks. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-7, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19.

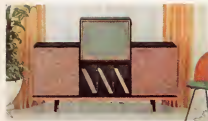
*Daiquiri*



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Shown in two typical arrangements: Traditional Stereo High Fidelity (SHIP) \$179.95, Companion Speaker (SHP) \$99.95, Record Cabinet (SHR) \$31.95. At left: The Deasy TV \$199.95, Bench (STB) \$19.95. At right: The Coby Deluxe TV \$229.95, Bench (STB) \$12.95

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matching bench, companion speaker, record cabinet and all-new RCA Victor TV—product of the experience that built 10 million TV sets! You can do it all at once or piece by piece—beginning as low as \$179.95. More than 20 different arrangements possible. In a variety of finishes. See

and hear "Add-on" Hi-Fi and TV at your RCA Victor dealer's today!

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queen, this gamble would surely pay off. But when two rounds of spades knocked out Bill's only stopper, he could see that a four-heart contract was bound to produce a better score than three no trump unless the heart suit failed to break and declarer at the other table failed to take a finesse.

On this reasoning, South cashed the ace of hearts and finessed for the queen on the second round. Later, when the club finesse worked and the 10 dropped, South wound up making four-odd for a score of 430 (i.e., 130 for four no trump, plus 300 for a nonvulnerable game) while the opponents, following the normal play for four hearts at the other table, played to drop the queen of hearts and made only four-odd for a score of 420.

The Women's Team championship last year went to Peggy Solomon and Marie Cohn of Philadelphia, who proved Kipling wrong when they teamed up with a western pair, Stella Rebnor of Hollywood and Mary Jane Farrell of Los Angeles. This was one of their winning hands:

<i>East-West</i> <i>vulnerable</i>		<b>NORTH</b>	
<i>South dealer</i>		♠ 4 3	
		♥ Q 9 6 4 2	
		♦ 10 5 3	
		♣ A 4 2	
		<b>WEST</b>	<b>EAST</b>
		♠ K Q 8 6 2	♠ J 10 7 5
		♥ K 5	♥ A
		♦ A 9 4	♦ J 8 7 6 2
		♣ 10 8 7	♣ 6 5 3
		<b>SOUTH</b>	
		♠ A 5	
		♥ J 10 8 7 3	
		♦ K Q	
		♣ K Q J 5	
<i>SOUTH</i> <i>(Mar. Solomon)</i>	<i>WEST</i>	<i>NORTH</i>	<i>EAST</i>
	1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♠
	1 ♥	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade king

Peggy Solomon said of the bidding, "We were playing light competitive raises, so if there is any blame to be placed for getting to four hearts, it's mine."

Momentarily, Peggy considered playing a low trump toward the board, hoping that West would have king-small and go up with the king. She vetoed that because it meant not only finding the desired distribution but having West make a mistake.

Instead, she won the ace of spades and ran off four good clubs, discarding dummy's last spade. No matter who

ruffed the last club, Peggy would save a trump trick for, if West trumped with the 5, as soon as trumps were led the ace and king would fall together. South lost only one diamond and two trumps.

Most winners defend their titles, even if it requires crossing the country to do so. Some can't, however, for the reason that they are no longer eligible. The Kemtrophy, for example, has never been successfully defended, probably because the 30 master points which victory brings usually put the winners over the 49 maximum with which a player is eligible to enter this event. Similarly, Walter Wallace's victory in the '57 Open Individual made him eligible to play in this year's Life Masters. This was one of the dynamite deals that helped him achieve that goal:

<i>East-West</i> <i>vulnerable</i>		<b>NORTH</b>	
<i>South dealer</i>		♠ 10 9 8 7 5 3	
		♥ J 8 4	
		♦ A J 9 5	
		♣ —	
		<b>WEST</b>	<b>EAST</b>
		♠ A K Q J	♠ 6 4 2
		♥ A K Q 7	♥ 10 9 5 3 2
		♦ 4	♦ —
		♣ A K Q 10	♣ 7 5 4 3
		<b>SOUTH</b>	
		♠ —	
		♥ —	
		♦ K Q 10 8 7 6 3 2	
		♣ J 9 8 6 2	

The bidding was brief:

<i>SOUTH</i> 5 ♠ PASS	<i>WEST</i> DOUBLE	<i>NORTH</i> PASS	<i>EAST</i> PASS
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West was furious that the five-diamond bid had stolen his big hand, but he envisioned a reasonable penalty. He opened a king, and he is still waiting to take a trick. Dummy ruffed all of declarer's losing clubs, and South made a grand slam.

The strange part of this deal is not what actually happened but what might have. Suppose East had "rescued" the double to five hearts. Suppose West had then bid six hearts. North should prepare to set seven hearts, while getting ready to save at seven diamonds. He should make a cue-bid of seven clubs. Now, if the opponents bid seven hearts a club lead will set them. And if they double seven diamonds, West can beat it only by opening his singleton trump.

Of course, it is the correct lead—but even in national championships the correct lead isn't always made. And so I'll no doubt be telling you when I report what happens in Detroit in the near future.

END



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and Villa Real Golf Club, Havana

### Playing the intentional fade

THE GOLFER who can play an intentional fade when the situation calls for it possesses one of the most important shots in the game. At our club, for example, there are several tough holes which are bordered rather tightly along the left by out-of-bounds territory. The golfer who doesn't respond intelligently to this threat and just swings away does frequently hook one out of bounds and suffers that crushing two-stroke penalty. The more thoughtful golfers always set themselves up so that their shots are moving from left to right away from the penalty area, and their bad shots go comparatively unpunished.

The average golfer has all the skill necessary to fade his shots intentionally. It is not a matter of consciously changing your swing. You employ your regular swing, but you set yourself up so that a fade results. First, you alter your grip slightly, moving your left hand a bit farther to the left so that the thumb extends down the left side of the shaft. Then you alter your stance and the ball position slightly. You aim at the left side of the fairway and play the ball a little farther forward, just inside the left toe. You then hit the ball with your regular swing. Because of the way you have set yourself up, however, as you come into the ball the strong, resisting left hand blocks out the usual hitting action of the right. The ball starts out for its object and then fades softly to the right.

A couple of sessions on the practice fairway will give you the confidence you need to play this shot and play it successfully.



A Reminder

You aim down the left side of the fairway

The modified grip, as it looks to the golfer

NEXT WEEK: Jim Turnesa on the center of the club face



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**FOOD** / *Mary Frost Mabon*

*Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe*

## *Newfangled classic*

**Italian risotto proves easy to make with electric control**

**A**NYONE who has traveled around northern Italy remembers the great variety of delicious rice dishes which often replace pasta in the

plains of Lombardy and in the towns and villages among the craggy hills of Piedmont and the Veneto. These staple dishes of the north Italian are as beautiful to look at as they are to smell and to taste. But the main delight is a unique texture: authentic risotto is both creamy and sepa-

rate-grained at one and the same time. This means that the rice should be enfolded in a suave coating, but every single kernel should be chewy at the center—done "to the tooth," as the Italians say.

To achieve this desired end, a peculiarly laborious cooking technique evolved centuries ago in these provinces. The prime requisite is an unflagging elbow to stir the slowly cooking rice continuously during a half to three-quarters of an hour, while the cooking liquid is added cup by cup. With an ordinary pan and burner, the rice is apt to stick and burn if left unattended even for



Model: Jean Helen Marie Mart, West, Broomfield, Colorado; styling: Ellen, Mayhem

a moment. This is one reason why risotto appears in the U.S. only in restaurants or on the tables of Italian-American families boasting a strong-minded and patient mamma.

For a far easier method to prepare genuine risotto, the new electric fry pan is a discovery of hearth-shaking importance. This gadget (a number of different brands are available) is very heavy and as completely heat-controlled as a modern oven; the rice almost attends to itself in the pan, requiring only a few occasional stirs when the broth is added. To prepare the savory dish shown above, here is the way to proceed:

### RISOTTO ALLA MILANESE

*Serves 6*

#### Ingredients

- 1½ cups unwashed, unprocessed white rice
- 1 large yellow onion, minced fine
- ¾ pound butter
- 1½ cups dry white wine
- 5 cups clear chicken broth (approximate)
- ¾ tablespoon saffron (this can be bought in shops that carry herbs and spices, as well as in drugstores)
- 2 cups grated Parmesan cheese

#### Directions

Use large-size electric fry pan and wooden stirring spoon.

Put broth to simmer in double boiler. Pound saffron finely, place in a cup, fill

with some of the broth. Place half the butter, cut in bits, and the minced onion in cold electric fry pan; turn gauge to 260°; stew till onion is pale yellow. Turn gauge to 300°; add rice; stir until rice is opaque-white (about 5 minutes). Add wine, letting it boil up, when absorbed, turn gauge to 340°; begin adding hot broth by cupfuls. Stir while adding each cup, pouring in the next one only after previous cupful has been absorbed. Finally add cup of saffron broth, stirring well. (Since rice varies in dryness, exact amount of broth needed to attain desired consistency will vary slightly.)

Transfer to hot serving dish. Toss with butter and Parmesan cheese to taste. Serve with rest of cheese, butter, and fried ham if desired.

**GOLDEN FLEECE** jackets of 65% "Orlon" and 35% wool on one side, 100% Du Pont fibers nylon on the other. Black, camel and black slate. About \$25 at these and other fine stores: Franklin Stone, Athlete's World, Debenhams, Gapp, Harrold's London Shop, New York City, Lee, Boston Ltd., Springfield, Massachusetts, Union.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT GOURDON IN THE MARITIME ALPS, FRENCH RIVIERA

## WARM...WASH'N'WEAR

New smart jacket of "Orlon" and wool  
is warm, yet light...dries neat after washing

It's soft, light, comfortable—a jacket you'll wear every chance you get. Made of 65% "Orlon" acrylic fiber and 35% wool, this good-looking jacket keeps you warm without weighing you down. Great jacket for action. "Orlon" gives it wash and wear con-

venience, too. Extra practicality, extra economy. Just toss it in the washer, drip-dry, and it is ready to put on. **REVERSIBLE SIDE IS FLEECE NYLON** that's soft, deep and extra-light. When washed, it dries fast and soft as new. Get this jacket soon. You'll love it.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

caught a 58-yard touchdown pass on the first play of the game, set up another touchdown with a 50-yard reception and, generally, made Harris long for the red hills of Oklahoma. In all fairness to Harris, his was an impossible task; no single defensive halfback, without help from a line-backer, can contain Moore.

The Colt defense, as usual, was superb. The Rams, having studied the movies of the New York Giants' defeat of the Colts, tried to circle the Colt right end, as the Giants had done, but the Colts, knowing the Rams had studied the movies, had moved their defense out far enough to cut off that avenue. The Ram attack then subsided into a desperate passing game; the Colts pulled back their defense to cut off the long pass and tackled receivers so viciously on the short one that the Rams six times fumbled the ball and five times lost it.

All in all, the weekend was a great one for the league's better quarterbacks (Layne, Van Brocklin, Tittle), although certainly none of them could match the coldly brilliant per-



**PHILOSOPHICAL BOBBY LAYNE** expounds his theories on the pleasures of life and professional football, both of which, he says, should be played with class and to the hilt.

formance of Unitas. Unitas, a wonderfully poised athlete, transmits this poise to the Colt team.

The ability to impress an entire team with a personal quality is the mark of a great quarterback; this fact of football was again exemplified last Sunday at Comiskey Park.

Since Bobby Layne has taken over as quarterback of the Pittsburgh Steelers, that team has won five of seven games, and this after losing their first two without Layne. Sunday the Steelers won their fourth straight game as Layne engineered a 78-yard pass play in the fourth period to beat the Chicago Cardinals 27-20.

"This team has good personnel," Layne said the other day. "But it never thought it would win, and most of them played individually. They played well so they wouldn't get out and so they would have some arguments at contract time, but they didn't always take the field figuring they could beat any other team in the league. That's what we used to have in Detroit. We always thought we would win. That's what we have here, now. When I came here, we'd go out to practice, and the minute time was up everybody took off for the dressing room. Practice wasn't fun. I guess Buddy Parker, as much as anyone, changed that. Now these guys stay out after practice to work, and it's fun. I get a lot of fun out of practice, myself. I guess if prac-

tice ever stops being fun, I'll quit."

Parker, an easygoing football genius, doubtless had a good deal to do with bringing the Steelers out of the doldrums, but it wasn't until he acquired Layne that the team perked up. No matter how good a coach is—and Parker must be ranked near the top—he cannot lift the team on the field, and Layne does that.

"We had great spirit at Detroit," Layne said. "We worked together and we played together. We were all close—we are here, now."

Layne is an insouciant, gambling quarterback who has full control of the team on the field. Parker seldom sends a play in; he has complete faith in the chunky, blond Texan who is playing his 11th season. "He trusts the whole team," Layne says. Layne, never known for the excessive propriety of his behavior off the field, fits perfectly into Parker's laissez-faire philosophy. Parker sets no rules, expects his team to perform on Sunday and gets the performance. "He figures we're adults," Layne says. "Sure, I go out once in a while. Why shouldn't I? Detroit was a small town in some ways and everybody knew me. They're beginning to know me here now. I could sneak around, I guess, but I like a few beers now and then, and I don't see that anybody's business but mine. It doesn't bother me on Sunday."

Obviously not.

END

## X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds	Pts	Yds	Pts
Bears vs Lions	21	138	169	10-18	10-25
Browns vs Eagles	28	135	143	8-11	18-30
Colts vs Rams	34	151	218	14-20	25-45
49ers vs Packers	33	256	283	20-35	8-25
Giants vs Redskins	30	186	173	13-22	11-32
Steelers vs Cardinals	27	84	374	18-30	20-39

## LEAGUE STANDINGS EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Cleveland	7	2	0	.778
New York	6	3	0	.667
Pittsburgh	5	4	0	.556
Washington	3	6	0	.333
Chicago Cards	2	6	1	.250
Philadelphia	2	6	1	.250

## WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Baltimore	8	1	0	.889
Chicago Bears	6	3	0	.667
Los Angeles	5	4	0	.556
San Francisco	4	5	0	.444
Detroit	3	5	1	.375
Green Bay	1	7	1	.125

## PRO GOLF

continued from page 17

Under any circumstances it holds its line much better than the big ball. Why, if I want to put a left-to-right fade on the small ball I have to cut it twice as hard as the big one. Besides, on this course with this atmosphere you probably get an extra 50 yards per hole playing the small ball; 30 yards added to your drive and 20 to your second. Now where is that Snead fella; he said he'd meet me here an hour ago?"

Another aspect of life in Mexico City that could have done more damage than it did is the digestive nightmare known as the *turista*. Some authorities claim that this illness, which preys exclusively upon the tourist trade, stems from the fact that Mexican food is improperly refrigerated. Others maintain as stoutly that what is involved is nothing more than readjustment to the change in altitude. Whatever the cause, about a quarter of the field came down with the *turista* just two days before the start of the tournament. The sickness fortunately abated and by opening day the plague had run its race.

With the field intact though shaky, the tournament got under way before a festive holiday gathering of some 5,000 spectators. It was November 20 and Mexico was celebrating the 48th anniversary of its 1910 revolution. The two gentlemen representing Los Estados Unidos de América, Snead and Hogan (combined age: 92), were the golfers everyone had come to see. These two, who as a team rival the box-office attraction of the Lunts, sailed out onto the course for the first round with 75% of the gallery scampering behind. On the 561-yard, par-5 second hole each hit a magnificent wood shot that hopped through the narrow entrance to the green and onto the back edge. They were down in 2 from there for birdies, and the gallery was ecstatic.

From the second day on, though, the play, if not the gallery, was captured by the Irish, who swept into a two-stroke lead which they were able to hold to the end. Bradshaw is a ruddy-faced, 45-year-old Dubliner whose round face, rounder figure and style in headgear are reminiscent of Jackie Gleason. He has a stiff-legged swing that starts with his bending over so far at address that he appears to be leaning on his club. Then he cranks himself up with a few



SPAIN'S ANGEL MIGUEL learned his golf pitching potatoes into basket with a bae.

waggles of the club, unwinds quickly and pops the ball straight down the middle. Last year Bradshaw had to withdraw from this competition after two rounds when he contracted a nosebleed on the plane to Tokyo that lasted for 10 days. "I thought for sure I was going to finish my days there," he recalls with a shudder. "I had a priest and five doctors by my bed and cotton stuffed in my nose clear up to here." O'Connor, a ternerlike man of 33 who was born in Galway, is another straight hitter who, though not producing any single round of great golf, had to complement Bradshaw's scoring by not having a single very bad round. To Harry's scores of 70-70-76-70, 286, Christy added rounds of 73-73-76-73, 295.

After two rounds, when the Irish led with a combined score of 286 and the U.S. lay only two strokes behind,

the tournament had the makings of an enticing match. Snead's abrupt withdrawal came as an unpleasant shock. The Slammer had injured his back in a tournament at Havana the week before and on the morning of the third round the pain was so intense that he abandoned any idea of going out on the course. This automatically eliminated the U.S. from the team competition, though Hogan played on alone, and left the pair from Ireland in a good position for an easy run at the championship, since the Australians, next in line, were six strokes back. But on the third day Scotland (Eric Brown and John Panton) and Spain (the Miguel brothers, Angel and Sebastian) turned in par rounds while the Irish wavered, and leaders were crammed together like this as the tournament faced its final day: Ireland 436, Scotland 438, Spain 440 and South Africa (Gary Player and Harold Henning) 442.

Brown buried his own and Scotland's chances when he pulled his drive on the tough par-4 fourth hole into some rough and trees on the left. Then, trying to reach the green with a wood out of the tall grass, he hooked once again, this time into a ditch. He needed six strokes to hole out and when his playing partner, Panton, double-bogeyed the par-3 fifth hole, the Scots were out of the race for good.

Ireland and Spain went out together as the last foursome in the wake of a blazing streak of golf by Gary Player that carried the young South African to the turn in 32, four under par, and threatened to bring his country the team title until it burnt itself out in the trees and sand-traps on the back nine. Ireland led Spain by 10 strokes in the team scoring after nine holes had been played, and Bradshaw, approaching superbly as usual, had built up a three-stroke lead over Angel Miguel in their own match for the individual trophy.

Angel, at 29, is the oldest of the two golfing brothers by a year. He and Sebastian have won a vast assortment of Portuguese and Spanish championships, but had never done well in the three previous Canada Cup matches at which they teamed together. They look like twins, with identical thin, dark faces and flat, slender physiques. Angel is the better golfer of the two, being a straighter and more accurate hitter. On the back nine he began to play at the top of his game and got a stroke back from round Harry with a birdie on

the 11th hole and another with a long putt on the 12th. They matched cards through the 17th, but on the 18th Bradshaw, not keenly aware that the team match had already been won and that the individual prize could be his, came out of the rough short of the green and took a bogey. He had scored a 34-36, 70 for the round while Angel had gone 37-33, 70. They were tied at 286 and an individual playoff was forced. Ireland, however, had won the important honor. Their team total of 579 was three strokes better than Spain's and five ahead of South Africa.

The playoff, with a vast Sunday afternoon throng racing for position after every hole had been played, produced two great golf shots and three excellent putts. On the first hole Bradshaw had hit his second shot over the green and a weak chip had left him with a tricky, downhill six-foot putt for his half. He holed it. On the second, the 561-yard par 5, Miguel hit a wood second shot that came boeing up toward the green, faded just a trifle and skipped directly for the trap on the right side of the green. It appeared for a moment as if it would end there, but it suddenly popped out the other side and came to rest on the green 55 feet short of the hole. This faced Bradshaw with the necessity of getting down in 2 from 80 yards off the green where his approach had left him. He did just that. Crank, crank, crank, unwind and Bradshaw had punched a wedge shot that hit on the front part of the green and ran right at the pin, way at the back, until it had stopped three inches away. This put so much pressure on the Spaniard that his first putt was weak and he had to hole out a five-footer and the half.

This dramatic overtime ended on the par-3 third hole when Angel putted into the cup from off the apron for his second consecutive birdie. Both tee shots had been aided by striding into the spectators who were jammed around the green, but the crowd that surged forward to lift Miguel to its shoulders didn't care how it had been done. They carried him off the green to cries of "torcedor, torcedor." Angel, a farmboy who is rumored to have learned his golf by pitching potatoes into a basket with a hoe, had played 12 straight holes of magnificent golf. Five birdies, and no hole played in more than four strokes. He should have been given two ears and a tail at least. **END**

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## BAUSCH & LOMB BALOMATIC

# OBITER DICTA EX CATHEDRA



*Or, some passing remarks from the halls of science by a wise and witty man who proves that the ivory tower has a view—including a view of sports. And so we introduce Dr. Vannevar Bush, spectator sports expert, chairman of the corporation of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, leader of scientists—and a host of his colleagues, whose interests, as shown here, range from boxing through sailing to driving hot cars*

by VANNEVAR BUSH

THIS is a treatise on sport, written by an expert. It contains numerous suggestions for improvement which will no doubt be welcomed by those who operate the system. However, anticipating that questions might be raised, let us first define sport and state what constitutes an expert.

For the purposes of this treatise, sport is defined as a system of propelling a ball or similar projectile for the edification of a mass audience. Thus court tennis, which is an amusement and a form of exercise, is excluded from the definition since no one has discovered how to mount a TV camera so as to view it. So is billiards, since the audience which enjoys watching a master make ivory balls behave is not mass. About every other way of causing a sphere or spheroid to move through space by throwing, carrying or hitting it with a stick or other form of bat comes in. To interest a mass audience, there needs to be present also a contest, that is, opposing individuals or groups with sharply conflicting interests in the progress of the propelled object.

Now, how do I qualify as an expert? This is simple. I once had my picture in the papers in a prominent

position, and this undoubtedly qualifies me to speak with authority. True, the reason for my picture was somewhat remote from sport, but that does not really matter. I am in the same position as Winston Churchill, who was, during the war, an expert on the application of science to weapons (although I admit he was somewhat better known to the public). I have another qualification. In college, I earned my letter in a major sport, and that confers the privilege of pontificating on sport for life. In case anyone looks up the records, I got that letter as a manager, but there was a special distinction. I managed the team that bent Eisenhower's knee. So I write without modesty or apology.

In Russia, sport as we have defined it is a state program for furthering national pride and patriotism, and it works. Here, under our free-enterprise system, it is a means for making money. Whether sport is formally a business like other businesses is in doubt. At present, the Supreme Court says that if the propelled object is hollow and oblate, then it is, but if it is spherical and solid, it is not. It certainly differs from most businesses in various ways. For one thing, some of

the employees get paid and some do not, this being a relic of the old apprentice and guild systems of England. For another, there is a form of serfdom involved, under which the performers are bought and sold. This is not in conflict with the constitutional provisions against slavery since the performer can always quit—if he does not mind sacrificing his professional skills—and start a restaurant.

It will be noted that wrestling and boxing are left out of the definition, since no projectile is involved. Anyone who thinks that wrestling is a sport is entitled to make his own definition. As to boxing, I would be inclined to alter definitions and include it, if the entrepreneurs of that system would make a couple of simple modifications. First, I would attach a belt and rope to each of these employees,\* so that they could reach one another readily, but not embrace. Second, I would fire the judges and award the prize money to the contestant who longest kept his rope stretched taut.

There are still amateurs in sport. An amateur is a gentleman, and a gentleman is a man who does not need to work for a living. This, of course, applies only when we consider

*continued*





**DR. ALFRED G. NIER**, atom bomb specialist, physics professor at the University of Minnesota, swims, fishes, here runs along Clam Lake beach with his wife Ruth.

## SOME SCIENTISTS GO IN FOR SWIMMING, SAILING, EVEN BOXING . . .



**ARNOLD WEXLER**, physicist and meteorologist, likes to climb mountains for relaxation, is particularly thrilled by first ascents, of which he has made 59 in 15 years of climbing on this continent.



**DR. ATHELSTAN SPILHAUS**, Minnesota's dean of technology, is a fisherman and hunter likes "anything that has to do with the outdoors or the sea." Here (right) he is on an African hunt.



**DR. J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER**, director of the esteemed Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, is an ardent sailor. He is shown here on six weeks' cruise he took with his family in the Caribbean.



**DR. GEORGE I. BELL**, Los Alamos reactor expert, was photographed on first ascent of Nevado Salcantay, 20,000-foot peak in Peru.

**DR. JOSEPH E. MURRAY**, experimental surgeon famous for kidney transplants, and wife are active tennis fans.

**THORNTON READ**, theoretical physicist at the Bell Telephone Labs, was Golda's lover, still teaches P.E. kids.



sport under the present definition. There are other kinds of gentlemen elsewhere. There are also amateurs who do not choose to perform before TV cameras and who actually play games for the fun of it. There used to be a great hassle about amateurs in football, but it is rapidly becoming resolved under the apprentice system. By this system, a hot per-

former is required to perform without compensation for several years and then is paid adequately if he qualifies for the big time. There is some problem left in the case of apprentices who are impecunious and have to eat, but ingenious alumni groups find ways around this impasse. Then, too, lots of apprentices get a lift out of roaring stands and do not seem to care if they do not share in the gate receipts, which, incidentally, some-

times amount to quite a sum of money. And there remain, I am told, contestants who still regard the spectacle as a game rather than a business. Of course, the problem would be simpler if the sport business were made entirely independent of the colleges, which may be the ultimate solution, since college presidents and trustees sometimes have strange ideas regarding business.

In tennis the problem is neatly

## ... OTHERS RELAX WITH FOOTBALL, SKIN-DIVING, SPORTS CARS



DR. JOSEPH KAPLAN of U.C.L.A., head of the U.S. International Geophysical Year, is a devoted football fan.



DR. EDWARD TELLER, famed "father of the H-bomb," plays his favorite game, chess, with his son Paul as his wife Mick (left) and daughter Wendy look on.



FOUR FROM LOS ALAMOS relax at doubles (from left) Physicist James L. Tuck and Mathematician Stanislaw Ulam, both thermonuclear experts and major H-bomb contributors; Theoretical Physicists Conrad L. Loggins and Donald C. Dodder, also ranking men in the nuclear weapons field.

JOHN WILLIAMS, head of mathematics division of the Rand Corporation, turns from minutes to enjoying up sports cars during his off-duty hours.



DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN, shown here on his sailboat in Germany in 1930, was a life-long devotee of peaceful outdoor relaxation.

DR. THEO THOMPSON, director of MIT's nuclear reactor, is an ex-football player who nowadays finds diversion in sport fishing.

solved by having a czar. He just states who is amateur and who is professional. It is easy enough for the individual player to change his status in one direction—for example by getting a man in the business to pick up a dinner check—but it is impossible to move the other way. This keeps outstanding performers from hiding their light under a bushel, where the great mass audiences will not have a proper opportunity to witness their

skill. It is a sheer loss to business, of course, when a hot tennis player is limited in the extent to which he can attract cash customers to oscillate their necks to follow the ball.

But it is important to get down to the matter of advice.

It seems to me that the managers of the business of sport have lost sight of the real objective, which is to satisfy the mass audience and keep them coming and paying. An essen-

tial ingredient is that the customers shall be convinced that the contest is intense and real; for example, that it is being played by the contestants and not by the officials. There are all sorts of crudities in this regard in present practice in the sports industry.

Imagine, let us say, that Pugwash College is manfully carrying the football down the field. By fine teamwork

*continued*



**DR. GLENN SEABORG**, who directs chemical research at the University of California's Radiation Laboratory, swims, plays occasional golf and coaches his children in backyard basketball.

**DR. WERNER VON BRAUN**, the Army's top missile man, is an expert skin-diver and explorer of submarine messery.



**SCIENTISTS ON SKIS** are Professor Richard Ogg of Stanford (left); Dr. Joel H. Hildebrand, a top research chemist at the U. of C.; and the late Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prizewinner in 1932 for his research in chemistry.



**DR. ALBERT SZENT-GYORGYI**, Nobel Prize-winning biochemist and director of the Woods Hole, Mass. Institute for Marine Research, is shown here engaged in his favorite sport, surf casting for striped bass.

**DR. C. GUY SMITH**, director of research for the General Electric Company, is a versatile sportsman who hunts Alaskan brown bear the long, skin in the winter and sails in the summer.



and intense concentration, it is barely able to make 10 yards in four tries, and it has marched this way for 50 yards while the tension in the stands mounts steadily. Then a zebra-shirted officer throws his dustcloth on the ground, picks up the ball, moves it back 15 yards, and the drive is over. He looks intently at the TV camera and slices at his calf with his hand. This means that he has seen a case of clipping. As near as I can make out, this term means that a Pugwash player, in attempting to interfere with the progress of an opponent, has made violent contact with him below the midsection, and more than eight points shaft the bow. The stands subside, and 800 cynical customers remark, "The hell with this," to their neighbors. The reason for this cynicism is the belief, no doubt mistaken, that the official has seen a dozen cases of contact shaft the bow, and has chosen to pick on this one so that the stands

*"I mountain-climb for fun and relaxation. For my vacation I usually spend three to six weeks each summer climbing some new mountain. Then there is a special exhilaration in reaching the top of a peak that has never been climbed."*

ARNOLD WEXLER

will not forget that it is he who is running the show.

They do much better in hockey. Here all sorts of mayhem are allowed and enjoyed, but certain types are frowned on. A player, Joe Doakes of the Colossi, for instance, manipulates his club in such manner on the skate of an opponent that the latter's center of support is irretrievably displaced from the vertical through his center of gravity. This is called tripping. The officer in this case blows a whistle and invites Joe to sit in a penalty box for two minutes, where he can watch the game readily but not participate. The interest in the game is not spoiled, it is enhanced, for Joe's comrades are now outnumbered and strive mightily to prevent catastrophe before Joe rejoins them. The effect of enforced idleness on Joe is also said to be salutary.

Basketball seems to be the worst offender in regard to this subject of penalties. I never could make out the rules of this sport; they are very subtle. Slim Tower may be proceed-

ing down the hall, accompanied by the ball, which is propelled by oscillation between hand and floor. This seems to be all right; he can either hold onto the ball or move but is not permitted to do both simultaneously. Then Slim collides violently with an opponent, Hi Elevation. The whistle blows, and Slim is presented with a chance to propel the sphere through a draped orifice without interference, scoring a point. The question is: Did Slim run into Hi or Hi into Slim? Maybe the officer can tell; I can't. And a penalty every minute takes all the fun out of watching the game, at least for me. I much prefer hockey where, if one contestant elicits another with his implement, there isn't any doubt about who socked whom.

This leads to a discussion of fixing, which is a very sore subject. Let me assert at once that nearly all officials in any sport are undoubtedly honest, rigorously ethical, professional men, who certainly earn their salaries. I make this statement lest the reader think I am cynical. But in every business there have to be safeguards against the small minority of those who are dishonest or who do not understand the system fully or who are misled by evildoers. They need to be prevented from committing acts which are illegal, meaning contrary to the law, or unethical, meaning injurious to the business or, more broadly, to the public. This last is on the basis that what is good for sport is good for the country. Now in business we have audits and inventory counts. It seems to me that the same should be true in sport—i.e., that there would be more public confidence and support in sport if a real effort were made to render the acts of officials in every sport clear-cut and, as far as possible, in the open, where the paying guests can audit them. After all, we have had scandals. Baseball survived one by rigorous action. Basketball has had them and has gone on its way without much change.

What involves openness? Well, take baseball. Lon Chaney and the ball are simultaneously and rapidly approaching first base, and a blue-coated official is observing the impacts. He spreads his arms in an Enaten salaam, which means that, in his judgment, the foot impacted the canvas pillow some tenths of a second before the ball contacted the leather of the glove. The stands roar condemnation or approval, according to

their prejudices. But the next morning's paper carries a clear photograph of the action, showing the foot some inches above the pillow while the ball is securely captured. It may be too late to change the decision, but this sort of thing ensures that the official will be careful and objective for, if he is unduly erratic, his em-

*"You'll find that professional people seek a vigorous sport that contrasts with their indoor, sedentary jobs. Physical activity in the outdoors is a natural complement to their lives."*

DR. GEORGE L. BELL

ployment as an official will be in jeopardy.

It is not quite as positive an affair in regard to calling balls and strikes. The patent office is full of schemes for helping in this matter, using vertical light beams and photo-cells and the like. The TV camera is the outfield, which looks at the plate as though it were right behind the pitcher's box, is an enormous help. An umpire is far more constrained to objectivity by the presence of such a gadget than he is by the positively expressed remonstrations of Casey Stengel. He knows that the latter are merely a part of showmanship; that he, too, is dependent upon public interest and that he can occasionally, but not too often, enhance the enthusiasm of the cash customers by ordering the great Casey to the clubhouse. (The usual expression, I know, is ordering to the showers. But Casey does not get any exercise, so he does not need a bath.)

Another aspect of success in appeal to a mass audience is that scoring should be a rare event, built up to by strategy and a succession of purposeful acts. It is all to the good if the customers grasp the strategy partly but not fully. It is also a help if the viewers believe the strategy is being worked out by the so-called players. Yet there are all sorts of sins in this regard.

Hockey has done well. It has introduced rules, clearly understood by the initiated, involving offside and icing. These are designed to cause the attackers to carry the puck toward the opponents' goal rather than just to pass. They also allow fattening up the goal tender, by one appendage or another, until his pro-tection on the designated opening of the cage covers a large fraction of the

useful area. The result is that goals are rare: they come only after well-planned and executed teamwork, apparent to all, and each goal constitutes an event.

Much of the lure of baseball is likewise due to suspense. The trailing team fills the bases, by inviting bases on balls, by hit and run, and by other well-known stratagems. The power hitter then comes up to the plate and strikes out, and the fans are desolate or delighted.

FOOTBALL has this element par excellence. The goal-line stand, foiled by a courageous pass, brings the crowd to its feet. The quarterback, who pulls in the defense by successive successful line plunges and then pops one over the line to an uncovered end, rouses the customers, because they were all vicariously in his predicament and searching for a neat surprise.

The worst is basketball. Goals occur every few seconds, when the game is not interrupted by penalties, which it is most of the time. There is no suspense, except on the final score, and this is likely to be 110 to 104. If there is strategy it appears to be ephemeral. The reader may gather that I do not think much of the sport of basketball. I do not. I think it ought to be radically revised or prohibited by law.

But as to other sins. In so-called professional football, which is that aspect of the business which does not use apprentices, the coach often runs the show, and the quarterback takes his orders from him. Rotating guards bring in the plays. Spotters on the roof phone the coach to apprise him of enemy weaknesses. Maybe this

*"Like Ted Williams, my interest is really the outdoors and fishing. I played football in the Rose Bowl on the Nebraska team, but now football is really in the past tense for me."*

THEOS THOMPSON

wins games, which helps gate receipts. I doubt it. More likely it caters to the coaches' conviction that father knows best. But I am not interested in the coaches' egos. I do enjoy watching a clever youngster thinking and planning stratagems clearly, while burly opponents knock him all over the lot without being able to jar his generalship. Substitutions, yes;

continued

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## BITTER DICTA continued

someone on the sidelines has to judge these, for safety against injury due to exhaustion, for one thing. But, for my money, let the players play the game.

Baseball, for all its virtues, is not entirely immune from this, either. Obviously, there needs to be a system of signals for, let's say, a squeeze play, and the pitcher needs to signal if he is going to try a pickoff at second base. But why should the batter take orders on what to do on the next pitch from the third-base coach? And why should a pitcher be ordered to give an intentional pass, usually much to the disgust of the fans?

In tennis the officials do not do much, and I understand they do not get paid much. Mostly they sit in chairs and remark on whether a ball hits a line. They are often reviled and treated to hard looks. Part of this is for the purpose of causing a pause, for management has found that if the customers waggle their heads from port to starboard without interruption some necks crack, and this leads to damage suits. The pauses also enhance the impression that tennis players are temperamental, like artists. Otherwise, tennis is a polite sport, and the audience is anxious to give the impression of affluence. For example, in tennis if the ball goes into the stands it is usually returned to the field, whereas in other sports if a customer gets his hands on the projectile he steals it.

An extraordinary thing is that bowling has become a sport exploited for public entertainment. There's a game for you! No officials in sight, no penalties for getting involved with your opponent. No doubt about results; a pin either falls down or stands up, it does not continue indefinitely to wobble uncertainly. Suspense of a sort. I recently watched a chap named King bowl a perfect game and make 30 strikes in succession. On the 20th I was sitting on the edge of my chair, even though I was just a TV viewer without the contagion of excitement that goes with a crowd. I wish I could see slow movies of a strike; there must be some in existence. I cannot make out why a properly placed and properly rotating ball knocks all 10 pins down, while a deviation of an inch leaves some standing. One complaint I have about bowling is monotony—the more skilled the players, the more cut and

dried it seems to be. I would like to see real experts play a game in which there would be no score except when a ball left just one pin standing up. Another complaint is that the employees' salaries seem to me to be a bit meager. But it is a good game, even for a show.

Would anyone think offband that a show could be made out of a golf game? It is a bit sticky in this regard. The reason for success, no doubt, is that there are more real nuts in this country on the subject of golf than on any other subject of public interest, even including rock 'n' roll. They have to have a special rule for the case where a pitch shot goes into the pocket of one of the gallery. Every time I watch such a contest I hear gripes that the putts are just as important as the other shots. They are, from a scoring standpoint. But a drive or an approach shot can involve an appalling amount of skill, and a putt simply involves an appalling amount of luck. Maybe a putt should count only half a shot. I would like to watch a game in which putts were omitted and the players were considered holed out as soon as they were on the green. Anything to speed it up; it is too slow for my blood. Perhaps someone will put on a match in which strokes do not count, players hit at will and the first chap into the 18th hole wins. It would at least take extra fat off the players.

**S**PEAKING of slowness, one of the sins in sport for mass entertainment is delay. If baseball does not do something about it, the fans will do so, by watching hockey, or maybe lacrosse or soccer, both of which, incidentally, are excellent. The pitcher steps on the rubber, holds long communion with the catcher as to what to do next, steps off, mops his brow, being careful not to get any sweat on the ball, of course, steps back on. About that time the batter steps out. Finally, the pitcher actually throws a ball. Then he and the catcher foregather and chat. Then a new pitcher comes in, walking slowly from the bullpen a quarter mile or so away, throws a series of warmup pitches, although he has been warming up for half an hour, and so on. The heck with it!

However, I think I know the reason. Baseball is an old sport; it has been over the bumps and has learned. For one thing, it has learned that the public does not cotton to a situation

where the officials are too much in evidence, where they are exhibiting their erudition and impressing the crowd with their authority. Hence, umpires hesitate to enforce rules which would speed up the game. They have my encouragement to do just that. And when football officials have learned as much they will be a whole lot less in evidence, and football will be a better game.

Speaking of reforms, there is one more I wish baseball would universally adopt. It has taken years to get major league batters to wear hard hats at the plate, and even now the system is barely accepted. We do not, any of us, like to hear of a chap getting a fractured skull while doing his best to entertain us. Yet individuals will not wear protection unless all do, and top management will not order it until the public insists in one way or another. Baseball players still wear spikes. Don't tell me they are necessary for footing; I have seen better examples of maintaining footing in a soccer game in sneakers. In fact, I suspect sneakers would be a lot more secure on a wet baseball field. I like to see a chap slide into second violently to try to break up a double play, and I like to see the second baseman pop up into the air and deliver the ball to first. But I do not like to see spikes thrown at the chap. We have no bullfight mentality, I hope, when watching a ball game.

A word now about sportswriters. There are, of course, excellent sportswriters. I admire them and sympathize with them. I wonder how they survive and whether they get paid much. The writers that I turn to educate me on the fine points of the game that I do not understand. But in spite of their best efforts, I am still foggy on a lot of things. I wish they would tell me whether I am all wrong on a lot of opinions I have written in this treatise. For example, about basketball. Perhaps I just don't understand it and really ought to regard basketball as a worthy effort.

Oh, the TV commercials. I almost forgot to comment on those. Some of them are deucedly clever, and I wonder who thought them up and how they execute the trick photography. I believe they actually sell me things, which is, after all, their object. And I feel a sort of obligation to be receptive, because the outfit which put them on is paying for my entertainment and paying plenty. But there

*continued*

*Clearly...*  
*the World's*  
*Most Advanced*  
*Lighter!*

**LET'S  
YOU  
WHEN  
THE  
IS LOW!**



Vu-Lighter's transparent reservoir lets you see when to refill. And its wind-guard assures you a light even in a gale. Inside attraction: beautiful inserts of real fish-flies, other colorful subjects. Vu-Lighter is the unique gift! Wonderful for business friends.

Unconditionally guaranteed! **\$3.95**  
Post. Tax Incl.

Inserts imprinted with firm name or trademark at special prices.

Windguard  
protects  
flame  
in any  
weather



Handsome  
inserts  
sure to  
please  
the eye

*Scripto* WINDGUARD  
**VU-LIGHTER**

# Airguide INSTRUMENTS Better Guides for Better Living

... make better GIFTS for better giving... superb in form and function—they're GIFTS you're always proud to give.

**CATALINA WIND BAROMETER**  
Refreshingly modern in style, yet home-grown with period furnishings. Polished brass case houses barometer. Thermometer scale screened on solid walnut spindle. \$15.95

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Beautiful time and weather combinations with that special touch those finished cases exude on solid walnut base. Clock is 6-day. Jewel spring wound. Delicately inlaid. \$16.95



NEW  
EXCITING



**Airguide  
GIFT PACKS**

... related instruments, paired and packed in smart GIFT packs — to delight particular people.

**FOR THE  
PROUD "SKIFFER"**

Two important and desirable accessories for any boat — a trim **MARINE COMPASS** to add that true navigator's touch to his piloting skill. Grubbed leather. Powerful Alnico V magnet for steady positive readings.



an accurate **MARINE SPEEDOMETER** to prove the speed and power of his craft. Rustproof, portable, easy to install. Set, \$21.95



**FOR THE MAN  
WHO'S PROUD  
OF HIS CAR**

... a handsome new **AUTO COMPASS** to prove his sense of direction. Stream-lined easy case, black dial. Alnico V magnet for steady readings. Bell illuminated. Fits any car.

... a reaching **AUTO THERMOMETER** to help him adjust car heater or air-conditioner for maximum morning comfort. Clips on visor. Set, \$10.95

fine weather **GIFT PACKS** also available. Sets shown in sets also sold separately.

Made and Distributed by  
**AIRGUIDE INSTRUMENT COMPANY**  
CHICAGO 42, ILLINOIS

## OBITER DICTA continued

are several kinds that annoy me and cause me to resolve never to buy the product.

One is the kind that strings over and blocks my seeing a critical play. A second is the kind that springs the same skit on me 40 times. The first four times it is amusing, the 40th time it is not. What is the matter—do they run out of money or talent? Another type that gets me down is the one that has a jingle tune that penetrates into my subconscious and will not be evicted, something like garlic, pleasant at the time but annoying on recurrence. I can hardly blame the advertiser who does this if he can get away with it, but I wish he would be more considerate.

**T**HE type that really rouses me to rebellion, however, is the ad that repeats over and over a statement which is asinine on the face of it and that I know is not true. This is done because of a conviction on the part of the advertising profession that if you tell a chap something often enough, no matter what, he will end in believing it, or at least it will get its name embedded in his cranium where he cannot get it out and will act on it in spite of himself. I do not like to be used that way or thought to be that dumb. So, if I am told a million times that Alfalfa Cigaretts will increase my innate appreciation of feminine beauty, I will carefully buy Lescapade Cigaretts, even if I do not like them very much. I hope there are millions like me and that we can prove the advertisers wrong.

This advertising business, come to think of it, is dangerous in many ways. Now they have a scheme, I understand, for putting ideas in my mind without my seeing them or knowing anything about it. I will bet they cannot. I will bet they would be surprised at the things they sometimes do put in my mind. And I do not think I am any different in this regard from the rest of the population.

Why does the American public like to watch games? One point, of course, is that they like to see an exhibit of supreme skill. Yet this cannot be too strong an attraction, or ballbards would be a feature on TV, for it is a game of consummate skill, readily depicted by a vertical camera. Another reason is the pleasure of joining a crowd, where excitement is intensified by mass psychology. Yet there are

millions who watch games on TV where no such influence is present. A strong motivation is vicarious participation. When a pitcher in a pinch, with periodic clapping going on to distract him, with heat and weariness sapping his strength, nevertheless delivers ball after ball with precision and judgment, those in the stands share with him in his ordeal and rejoice at his steadiness as they put themselves in his place. Here worship goes along with this, of course. There is also a large group with a strange pride in being erudite, in knowing all the players and averages, in excelling at an intellectual undertaking of something even though it be utterly artificial.

Audiences like suspense, no doubt of that. But also, as noted before, they like to try to fathom planning and strategy. This is the great difference between baseball and cricket, in my opinion. I advance the thought timidly, because I do not really understand cricket; I wish I did. For one thing, I cannot fathom the system under which games are abandoned once the outcome is determined, although I believe we might adopt some such system to advantage on this side of the water, instead of the mournful finish to some of our games, killing the clock and the like. But I think the greatest attraction of baseball is this element of strategy. And I believe it is present to a far greater extent in football and that this would be quite a game if the coaches and officials would let the players play it.

Is it all foolish? Are we foolhardy to be watching games? The Russians have put up Sputniks, and they use athletics only to further the designs of the state. They still say they intend to conquer the world. Must we be equally serious and concentrate entirely on matters of national prosperity and military power? We certainly need to be alert and vigorous and wise in a tough race with a tough antagonist, where survival may be at stake. But one cannot be grim all the time. And there is no better and no more healthful mental relief, in my opinion, than participating in real sport, not in sport as I have defined it. And, as a substitute for the millions who cannot directly participate, watching sport, even sport of the most crassly commercial sort, is not too bad. I only wish that those who run the business would pay more attention to the customers. **END**

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE





## Christmas traditions...

Cutting your own Christmas tree, and giving or receiving handsome Pendleton sportswear—two time-honored ways to make any Christmas merrier. Every virgin wool Pendleton is dyed, spun and woven to a 90-year-old tradition of quality. And there's never any question about their liking it if it's a *Pendleton*!

*Authentic Dress McCormick Tartan*

Men's Jacket	\$17.50	Motor Robe	17.95
Boys' Shirt	12.95	Muffler	5.00
Sport Shirt	13.95	Hose	3.50
<i>Lounging Robe 25.00</i>			

there's only one

**Pendleton**

always virgin wool

# It's open season *Let's go hunting!*

Big and little sportsmen  
are setting their sights on gifts  
made with Aluminum

Now's the time to hunt for that extra special Christmas gift. And among the most wanted, most appreciated gifts are sporting goods, outdoor equipment, luggage and toys made with aluminum.

Gifts made with aluminum stay bright and attractive, are easy to clean because aluminum won't rust—ever. And aluminum products are lighter, stronger, more permanently new.

Use the Reynolds Aluminum "Hunting License" on the facing page. It's a handy way to hint for your "most wanted" gifts.



## REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

Richmond 18, Virginia

Watch Reynolds' new TV shows "WALT DISNEY PRESENTS" and "ALL-STAR GOLF" every week on ABC-TV

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over

## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR (CONT.)

Sirs:

I too agree with Mr. G. W. Fleming's philosophy in regard to the selection of the Sportsman of the Year (19TH HOLE, Nov. 10).

I would like to nominate one of America's most distinguished gentlemen, as well as a sportsman: Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

His contribution to America and the free world as a jurist, author and world traveler, plus his undying love of the great American outdoors, should be proof enough to his fellow men that here in every sense of the word is a very fine sportsman.

H. J. VANDERSAL

Rochester

Sirs:

Any man can look good when success crowns his efforts, but it really takes a man to look good in defeat.

It seems to me that Bennie Oosterbaan of Michigan, in the face of reverses and criticism, has conducted himself in a way which deserves special commendation.

Even with this season's results, his coaching and playing career can only be considered tops.

FRED MARIN

Landing, Mich.

● By and large the greatest number of the votes received so far have been for Oosterbaan, a fine gesture on the part of his many friends on the eve of the announcement of his replacement as coach of a faltering Michigan team.—ED.

Sirs:

Although the year still has a while to run, I wish to offer my nomination: Rafer Johnson. I feel that this man as a great all-round champion and an outstanding student leader measures up better than any of 1958's many luminaries to the standards of the Bannisters, Musials, etc. of past years. His record, to an extent, speaks for itself. The agility of a 13-foot pole vaulter, speed of a 48.2 400-meter runner, power of a 238-foot javelin thrower combined with the adapta-

bility to come back from a long layoff in basketball and make a major college's first string—all bespeak a great athlete. The endurance and visceral demands of the decathlon are obvious. That Johnson overcame debilitating injuries is admirable, too.

But, of course, there are many with records as outstanding, or nearly so. It is the drama and symbol of Johnson's victory at the meet with Russia's Kuznetsov that make 1958 his year. He saved America's international prestige as a track and field power while many of his teammates were folding under pressure. The fact that he is a Negro, student body president of one of our largest universities and quite probably the greatest athlete in the world for this year, at least, makes the drama seem almost Hollywoodian, considering the international hassle in the background and all.

STEVEN CHAFFER  
Ensign, USN

U.S.S. Cassford  
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

My man is Percy Cerutti, the man who inspired Elliott to inspire himself.

GEORGE P. BROWN

Buffalo

Sirs:

It must be LSU's Chinese Bandits.  
MERY LEBLANC

New Orleans

Sirs:

If anybody, Johnny Unitas.  
LOUIE PEDDISSED

Baltimore

Sirs:

His selection by acclamation would be one way we can all show him what his victory has meant for us, to live with a man of his caliber among us—Roy Campanella.

M. G. FOX

San Diego

Sirs:

Willie, ooops! I should say William Hartack.

JOAN BRYANT

New York City

## HORSE SHOWS: NEWS

Sirs:

I would like to compliment your Alice Higgins on the excellence of her columns on horse shows. After the machine nonsense usually written about horse shows she is a breath of fresh air. In spite of the hundreds of people now involved in showing horses, most local newspapers consider show results too unimportant to print. I'm glad you differ with them.

MRS. SHELLY MANNE

Chicago

continued

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

## CHRISTMAS SEASON

# Hunting License

This is to certify that the signer of this License is a bonafide Christmas "Hunter" with full hunting rights for the 1958 season. This person is deservng of only the very finest Christmas gifts (those made with aluminum, naturally), and has authority to hunt for the "most wanted" gifts listed below.

I'm hunting to \_\_\_\_\_

for: \_\_\_\_\_

1ST CHOICE \_\_\_\_\_

(name)

(brand, size, color, etc.)

2ND CHOICE \_\_\_\_\_

(name)

(brand, size, color, etc.)

3RD CHOICE \_\_\_\_\_

(name)

(brand, size, color, etc.)

OTHER SUGGESTIONS: \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNED \_\_\_\_\_



REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY

*Fits your pocket and your palm!*



**BRAND NEW PHILCO T-75**  
ALL TRANSISTOR RADIO

As a sportsman's rugged companion or an everyday playmate, this powerful new Philco is styled for comfort! It's slim—slips into your pocket or purse with casual ease. And its new curved contour fits your palm like a friendly handshake! T-75's seven rugged transistors deliver brilliant, dependable performance anywhere—on only two regular flashlight batteries! See this new beauty. Hold it, the durable case is genuine leather. Best of all, hear the T-75, you'll make this new Philco a pocket pal!

LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose **PHILCO.**

OTHER FACTORS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

*"ON THE SPOT"*  
**Relief from  
Upset Stomach**

Wherever you go,  
Carry  
**PHILLIPS' TABLETS**



Wherever you go, upset stomach, gas, heartburn or other symptoms of acid indigestion can cause distress. So for on-the-spot relief carry delightfully flavored Phillips' Tablets with you. Phillips' Tablets will make you feel better—almost instantly—because they contain one of the world's fastest antacids. Handy pocket tins of 30 tablets. Bottles of 75 or 200.

**PHILLIPS' TABLETS**

now we're  
getting  
some place!

We're making solid gains in the fight against cancer, in the research laboratory, in the hospital and in the home. Ten years ago medical knowledge was able to save only 1 in 4 lives—today it's saving 1 in 3.

New surgical techniques, diagnostic methods, and an informed public are important reasons for these gains.

More and more people have learned that many cancers are curable if detected in time. And, sensibly, more and more people have formed the life-saving habit of an annual health checkup. They know it's living insurance against cancer!

**AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY**

**19TH HOLE** *continued*

**A SEARCH OF THE RECORD BOOKS . . .**

Sirs:  
This poem is the result of a certain amount of brooding by a former college football coach who finds his views better expressed by a sportswriter (*The Great Numbers*, Nonesuch, \$1, Nov. 24).

**THAT GREAT BOOKER AGAIN**

*When the One Great Soccer writer,  
Wrote Grassland Rice one day,  
What counts is not the run or loss  
But quality of play.  
But folks just failed to get the point  
Of Grassland's noble verse,  
They waded that swimming was the goal;  
Naught else was worth a curse.  
But still defeat became the lot  
Of many a meekish squad,  
And coaches nursed their ulcers deep  
And paced the well-worn road.  
But soon a gleam of light appeared  
That pierced the darkest gloom:  
Statistics reveal a saving fraud  
To thwart the threatened doom.  
Inspired arches came on the scene  
With clip board and with sheet;  
They noted punts and downs and yards  
And passes incomplete.  
Who saw the game? Who cares?  
Our quarterback stole  
Just passed for 12 completed ones  
To national repate.*

*Our halfback ran for yards and yards  
Although we lost the game;  
The flyers show a total rush  
That gives us lasting fame.*

*And so in Granny's words again  
Against our college hero:  
It counts not if we win or lose  
But how we scored the game.*

R. H. LAYK  
Dept. of Phys. Ed.  
Arizona State College

Tempe, Ariz.

Sirs:  
Down here in Arkansas we are just the outskirts of the Southwest Conference, looked upon as pore little pigs, but we do have our day occasionally—like when not just one Razorback, but two went into the history book with kickoff returns of 103 yards each (they only got credit for 100), namely, Jim Mooney and Billy Kiser, which didn't rate even a line in your fine magazine. A search of the record books revealed that this had never before happened in major college football. We sure are proud.

J. N. LOVETT

Crossett, Ark.

**FOOTBALL: RED SHIRTING DEFINED**

Sirs:  
In his letter concerning Dick Bass and the College of the Pacific (19TH HOLE, Nov. 10), Mr. James R. Ryan seems to be suffering from a few misapprehensions. In describing the situation as "red shirting" at its finest, he has missed the real purpose of "red shirting." This practice is normally aimed at

either protecting the athletic eligibility of one who is scholastically ineligible or one whose athletic talents cannot presently be utilized or which will become more valuable at a future date. It is not generally applied to the practice of sustaining the eligibility of one who is physically incapable of playing during a particular season.

Perhaps Mr. Ryan is not cognizant of the strenuous demands upon time and energy which intercollegiate football entails. But it is far from unusual for football players to require something more than four years to graduate. It is likewise not unusual for a sizable proportion of college athletes to "finish" their programs in four years with something substantially less than a degree. I am not suggesting that it is impossible for a football player to graduate in the normal four years. But it is not to his discredit that he often finds it very difficult.

The fact that Dick Bass chooses, or requires, five years to complete his college education is nobody's business but his own. The wish of COP to allow him another year to complete his eligibility is also a prerogative which they should be free to exercise without criticism, since it is well within NCAA rules.

If it is to be admitted that college football has any values at all, then I see no reason why Dick Bass should be denied a portion of those values simply because he has had the misfortune to break his leg.

JERRY CORRIGAN

Pullman, Wash.

#### OLD PROS (CONT.)

Sirs:

The letter from Yeoman 3rd Class William D. Gurneal (19th Hole, Nov. 3) was well written. Concerning the idea that this "could be the era of the old men," Gurneal went on to cite the cases of several old pros who are still atop the heap.

However, I must heartily disagree with him when he exclaims over Ray Robinson as the "old man of boxing." How could one pass over the personage of Archie Moore? Indeed, Moore is even older than Robinson, and it should be noted that he is still fighting men above, rather than men from the next lower division.

Robinson found rich reward indeed when a man named Basilio plodded across his glory trail. Here was a man who was not a middleweight but a natural welter (when all is shed and done). They billed it as youth vs. age, but since when is 31 considered infantile?

BILL HAWKER

Moenvia, N.Y.

#### CORRECTION

Sirs:

An unfortunate error in the January advertisement of November 3 named me as head of the Aspen Ski School, which is operated (and has been since 1946) by Fred Pfeiffer and Fred Iselin. I am in charge of the ski school in the new Highlands area at Aspen.

STEEN ERIKSEN

Portland, Ore.

*it's smart to ski....*

**Sun Valley Idaho**

Fun is always the fashion up in this more-than-a-mile-high winter playground. With bright, sparkling day and color, crystal-clear nights, skiing, skating, ice skating, outdoor warm-water swimming and a world of leisurely living rounding out the festive picture. Sun Valley Lodge and Challenger Inn offer an appealing variety of accommodations, from the modestly priced room to large, luxurious suites. To get the complete story of your life at Sun Valley, send for our color folder.

for reservations

Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho (or phone Sun Valley 3311) or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 2555, Omaha 2, Neb., or see your local travel agent.

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UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

#### Outdoor Fun For The Whole Family

**FLIGHT TESTED BOOMERANG**

**THE AUSTRALIAN MYSTERY**

No special skill required. Flight tested—guaranteed return. Beautiful lacquer finish in your choice of Red, Green or Natural. \$2.50 for 4 specimens from 15 to 40. A collector's item. See your nearest order. Mailed direct with story and instructions.

**ORDER BY MAIL \$2.50**

A FASCINATING SPORT AND UNIQUE GIFT

Ordered by **COL. JOHN H. GERRISH**

4105-1 S.W. Portland Ave., Portland 1, Oregon

#### ENJOY SUMMER SPORTS ALL WINTER in DEATH VALLEY

Swim, ride desert trails, golf, tennis, or relax in the warm sun at 2 famous Fred Harvey resorts—Furnace Creek Inn and Ranch.

**FURNACE CREEK INN and RANCH**

*The resorting at our colorful historic corner just Travel Agent is made direct*

**FURNACE CREEK INN**

P.O. BOX 54, DEATH VALLEY, CALIF.

for casual or sport wear

**the Spinnaker shirt**

- 100% Imported Wool
- Unlined Fabric
- Durable Meltonized with Ribbed
- Freedom of action
- No bulky seams
- Extra long tails
- Rolling button flap pockets

**THE SPINNAKER SHIRT**

**SIZES**

Small	14-16 1/2	Gray	Starlet	<b>\$14.95</b>
Medium	15-17 1/2	Navy	Maroon	
Large	16-18 1/2	Camel	Light Blue	
Extra Large	17-17 1/2	\$15.95 in U.S.A.		

**COLORS**

Sold at leading men's wear and sporting goods stores. If unable to buy SPINNAKER at your favorite store, send coupon below with check or money order... no cash, please. State size and color.

Write for information on other styles

**MORAN SPORTSWEAR, INC.**  
200 EAST 43rd ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

☐ Check ☐ M.O. Amt. \$  
for Spinnaker shirt @ \$14.95 ea., (Extra large \$15.95). Postage Paid in U.S.A.

Name  Color  Size   
Address   
City  Zone  State

Styler for  
happy holidays



**Sir Jac**

**COMBED COTTON POPLIN**

This handsome *Sir Jac* will warm any man's heart, come Christmas. Crafted in finest combed cotton poplin, with colorful red tartan plaid lining. Has smartly styled knit waistband, cuffs and turn-up collar—raglan sleeves—storm flaps on pockets—yoke umbrella back. Washable; water repellent. Ask for Model 3926L at good stores. About \$12.95.

STAN-URBAN COMPANY • TERRE HAUTE, IND.

*the beautiful new*  
**CAPCO BOAT LADDER**



Here's an exceptional gift for that sea-minded man. Durable, rugged, colorful, it's made of light-weight aluminum—resists salt water corrosion. For fresh or salt water use. Adds 500 pounds of weight. Fits 200 lbs. man. Safe and convenient. Aqualung plastic floats prevent sinking. Ladder is easy to use. No tools needed. Can be disassembled and stored in one inch carrying case. Fits in the trunk of a car. A duplicate of over 200 lbs. Fits most boats. . . .

Size	Weight	Price
22-2300	2	\$ 9.95
22-2300	3	\$12.95
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Immediate delivery possible. No C.O.D. Please send check or money order.

**CAPCO PRODUCTS • Box 587 • Columbus 10, O.**

**IDEAL GIFT**

**USE IT OFFICIALLY APPROVED**  
U.S. GOLF & GOLF ASSN.



**SAFETY STRIKER!** Just before the handy optical set-screw—did actually show distance to pin, correct club to use for each stroke. Easy-Quick-Set. Pocket-size. Silver and warm brown. RANGERFINDER only \$9.95. Deluxe Set includes saddle-leather holder case and powerful magnifying telescope eyepiece for greatest accuracy. \$17.95. Ask for number and listing. Fully guaranteed. Send check to **FEDERAL INSTRUMENT CORP., Dept. S-2, 52-63 QUEENS BLVD., REGD. PAID 14, N.Y.**

*Pat on the Back*

Arthur Sheple



**RICHARD J. DALEY**

*'Ready and eager'*

When, after two years of butterflying it, the city fathers of Cleveland dropped the torch of the 1959 Pan-American Games, a bluff Irishman with a firm grip stepped in and rescued the Games for the U.S. He is Dick Daley, mayor of Chicago and one of the country's most practical practicing politicians.

Chicago, said Mayor Daley, has enough facilities, athletic and residential, to accommodate the Western Hemisphere, and Chicago would consider it an honor to welcome its athletes. Daley himself (except for a stint of cowboying steers into the Chicago stockyards while he was working his way through De La Salle Institute) is not much of an athlete, but he knew where to put his finger on men of athletic and administrative

ability. His Pan-American Games Committee is headed by the 1920 Olympic cyclist Carl Stockholm, and with him work Alderman Ralph Metcalfe, the sensational Olympic sprinter of '32 and '36, and the 1912 Olympic swimmer Michael J. McDermott. In just a few months these men and their devoted associates have with efficiency, humor and foresight made all necessary preparations, from starting a \$750,000 Olympic pool to ordering four times as many towels as would seem necessary to forestall souvenir-conscious contestants. By August 27, 1959 Chicago will be "ready and eager" to play host to 1,500 athletes from 20 countries who, as Daley put it, "are apt to make a greater contribution to international understanding than anyone else."

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